Vol. CXL.]
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[THE BYSTANDER
December 7, 1938.

The BYSTANDER

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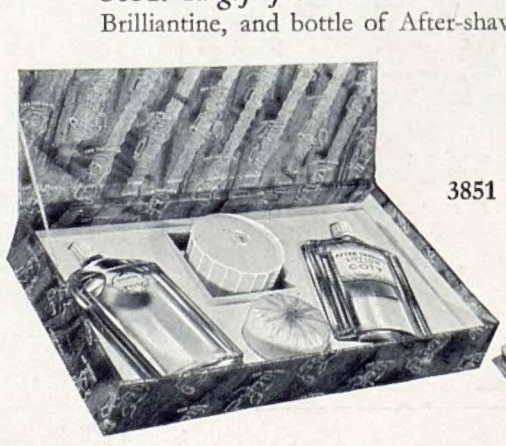

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The Bystander

Chocolates at the Quai d'Orsay

This is an important moment in the private apartments, the master's lodgings, at the Quai d'Orsay. Dinner is over, the carafe of wine is empty. Complacently the French Foreign Minister reaches for the large chocolate-box while his small son watches excitedly for the lid to be removed. Outside the C.G.T. may rage, in the Foreign Office Ribbentrop may be on the telephone, but for Bonnet père and Bonnet fils the most urgent matter for the moment is chocolates. M. Georges Bonnet has been at the Quai d'Orsay since he was recalled by Daladier from the Embassy in Washington at the opening of this year. As Foreign Minister he was not directly concerned with the abortive strike of last week, but indirectly he bore plenty of the responsibility, for it was his pro-Munich policy, as much as Reynaud's decrees, that alarmed the Left. Madame Bonnet is by birth a member of one of France's most distinguished political families, the Pelletans

"What is the end of Fame? 'Tis but to fill a certain portion of uncertain paper," said Byron. Here a youthful Chamberlain, with papier mâché mask, hat and umbrella, parades with a giggling consort in the Park

When the umbrella of the Chamberlain motif is absent, the fishing-rod invariably takes its place. This Genevan "peacemaker" doll has been popular among the League of Nations set as a rigolade for the children this Christmas

The stage has not been backward in guying the peacemaker of Munich: "Chamberstrain" is a popular character in the Unity Theatre's pantomime, "Babes in the Wood"

Penalties of Fame: the Chamberlain Motif In Three Moods

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

M. Daladier's victory over the strikers in France was not so remarkable as it might appear. It is only two months since the French Army was mobilised with astonishing speed and efficiency. The workers on the Army Reserve went gladly and smoothly to their appointed posts on or near the Maginot Line. It is absurd to suppose that these same men, within a few weeks, are prepared to ruin their country. Any threat from abroad has always throughout history united the French people, and the French are sufficiently intelligent to know that the threat which came on October 1st has not yet entirely died away.

The Italians got their psychology wrong when they thought that the general strike was going to paralyse France and chose that exact moment to raise shouts of Tunis and Corsica and Nice. The demonstration in the Italian Chamber of Deputies, when the members rose and shouted for the return of these places, must have been organised, especially as Signor Gayda, the inspired propagandist, has written a long article in support of what happened in the Chamber. France's unexpected solidarity may alter the Italian attitude.

At the same unpsychological moment Count Ciano, the Italian Foreign Minister, in a powerful speech, described the brilliance of the Italian mobilisation during the Czechoslovak crisis. The diplomatic correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* says bluntly that there was no mobilisation in Italy at all, and that the Count is talking through his ski-ing beret. He writes: "Signor Mussolini and Count Ciano did, indeed, want Italy to mobilise, but the mobilisation was prevented by King Victor Emmanuel and by the Italian public." Well, there it is. You take your choice—if possible without paying your money.

A new alignment in Europe is the Polish-Russian friendship produced by fear of trouble in the Ukraine. Both countries possess part of the Ukraine, and if Ruthenia is ever used as a basis for Ukrainian activity in the direction of independence, both countries would be vitally interested.

The building of the motor road through Czechoslovakia will, I fancy, complete the destruction of the independence of that country. The road will be owned and policed by Germany, and will be a dominant factor in the foreign affairs of Central Europe. It seems to me to alter the Munich Agreement entirely.

In all the comings and goings which make up modern diplomacy, there is no more energetic traveller than Mr. Pirow. When the South African Minister for Defence is not in one European capital, he is certain to be in another. He bounces from country to country in the most remarkable way. It would be interesting to know what it is all about. Africa will be in the news before long, and Germany is not the only country which is looking eagerly in that direction. Italy is full of ideas on the subject. But what is Mr. Pirow doing?

Sir Samuel Hoare's Prison Bill was received with enthusiasm in the House of Commons, and the Home Secretary was greeted with loud cheers when he said: "At a moment when the terrors of the Middle Ages are being dragged out of the darkest corners of the past, it is well that we should hold fast to the humanities which have proved of inestimable value to our nation." The main points of the Bill are the immediate reduction and the ultimate abolition of imprisonment for young offenders at the Summary Courts; new remand homes for abnormal children; penal servitude, hard labour, and ticket-of-leave to be done away with; corporal punishment to be abolished. The one or two Members who said that corporal punishment ought to be retained were answered by the Attorney-General, who pointed out that robbery with violence has decreased more rapidly in Scotland, where it is not punishable by flogging.

While Sir Samuel was moving the second reading of his Bill, Mr. G. D. Turner, formerly Assistant Prison Commissioner, was putting forward in a lecture a remarkable suggestion for an alternative to capital punishment. "A murderer," said Mr. Turner, "should be deprived of all but his life, and all his property should be forfeit to the State. He should be cut off from his past as completely as if he were actually dead. His very name should be taken from him. Every relationship should be severed." Then, after an undetermined period of

(Concluded on page 356)

"Old Bill" Again: By Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather

"But can't you see, fat'ead, that the only way to get disarmament is to arm?"

The Passing Hour *(Continued from page 354)*

imprisonment, the murderer should be released to start a new life. It certainly is an original idea.

DR. SCHACHT, the famous President of the Reichsbank, has been explaining some of the methods by which he has financed Germany's enormous programme of rearmament and rebuilding. It certainly has been an amazing performance, even though it has been based upon the essential difference between public finance and private finance. In public finance, said the redoubtable Doctor, it has been proved that the debtor and not the creditor has the whip hand. If the debtor cannot pay, it was the business of the creditor to help him to pay or resign himself to lose his money. Savile Row, please copy.

WITH Christmas at hand, the distressed areas are very much in the limelight. Various funds are being raised to provide toys for children in these stricken regions, and people are giving generously. It was a little unfortunate that when the House of Commons discussed the distressed areas last week, hardly any Members bothered to attend. At one moment, out of 615 Members, only 19 were in the House, and the number never rose beyond 50.

THE result of the by-election at Fylde is in strong contrast to recent by-elections. The Government vote hardly fell at all, and the Socialist vote hardly rose. The electoral state of mind of the country is very strange, and it is impossible to predict what the result of a general election might be.

LAST week Lord Derby went by mistake to an anti-gambling meeting, and afterwards said that he never betted, and did not know what a football pool was. Next day the American Ambassador, speaking at Manchester, with Lord Derby in the chair, brought the house down by imploring the other guests to take Lord Derby aside and tell him about the pools. "He is missing a lot of fun," added the Ambassador.

HAPPENING to travel to Bradford last week I found the railways plastered and placarded everywhere with pathetic appeals on behalf of themselves. It would appear from these heartrending cries that the railways have a grievance. They are restricted in the charges which they can make for carrying odds and ends like coal and iron. "Road-carriers, canal-carriers, coastwise-carriers"—it sounds like a particularly moving poem of the late Mr. Kipling—"are free to quote without restriction whatever charges are appropriate in each case. Railways alone are restricted. Why?" It certainly does seem a bit hard, especially as the railways cater so extraordinarily well for passengers. To one who has done little travelling of late the comfort of the big expresses comes as a revelation of up-to-dateness.

THE Middlesex Cricket Club is to play one of its "home" matches at Surrey's Oval next year, because Lord's will be occupied on the required date by the Eton and Harrow match. What a pity it is that Middlesex should not play one fixture in their own county out of London. This year Surrey played a county match at Guildford for the first time, but virtually there are no such things as Middlesex and Surrey county clubs. So far as the supporters are concerned, they are just North London and South London Clubs.

The Design and Industries Dinner

The Design and Industries Association, of which Com. V. H. Goldsmith is chairman, held its annual dinner last month at Grosvenor House, when Lord Sempill and Sir Thomas Inskip were neighbours at table

ONE of the officials of the Scottish Golf Union has stated in public that he deprecates the playing of a golf match for a large sum of money in which amateurs are taking part. This, of course, referred to General Critchley's match, now cancelled, against Henry Cotton and Mr. Harry Bentley. All the four players being English, it is difficult to see what it has to do with the Scottish Union. Besides, in the good old days in Scotland money matches between amateurs were common. There was even one classic match of three holes for £500 a hole. And in Edinburgh many years ago a Mr. Wallace played a Mr. Chambers eighty matches for a sovereign a time. Mr. Wallace won them all, which says more for Mr. Chambers's tenacity than for his golf, or for his common sense.

A FEW weeks ago I mentioned a circular from *Punch* in which the proprietors of that extremely British journal claimed that a study of it would improve the conversation of all of us. Another circular from the same authoritative source comes to me *via* a naval correspondent in Malta. This modest little sheet claims the title for *Punch*, "the foremost humorous journal of the world," and it adds a quotation from a recent speech that if a sense of humour were more widespread "the prancing and posturing of dictators would be impossible." In other words, laugh at the jokes in *Punch* and the Rome-Berlin-Tokio axis must fall.

I AM greatly saddened by Miss Mary Borden's story about cigars, which is being published all over the place. I admire Miss Borden's writing, and I have several times enjoyed her company, so when she says: "I ve noticed that that the more intelligent a man is and the more successful the greater his appreciation of a choice Havana cigar." The trouble about it is that I don't smoke.

PROFESSOR NIELS BOHR, of Denmark, is the greatest living physicist, and in his day played soccer for his native country. An almost parallel case in this country is Mr. J. B. Priestley, who, if he had not developed a talent for scribbling, might easily have played left full-back for Huddersfield.

Attitudes of Last Week: Public and Private

Lord Derby was opening the Walter Harding gymnasium of Liverpool University. (See also Mr. Macdonell's paragraph about him on this page)

Sir Walter Gilbey, the Englishman most easily recognised at a distance, was shopping early for Christmas in Bond Street

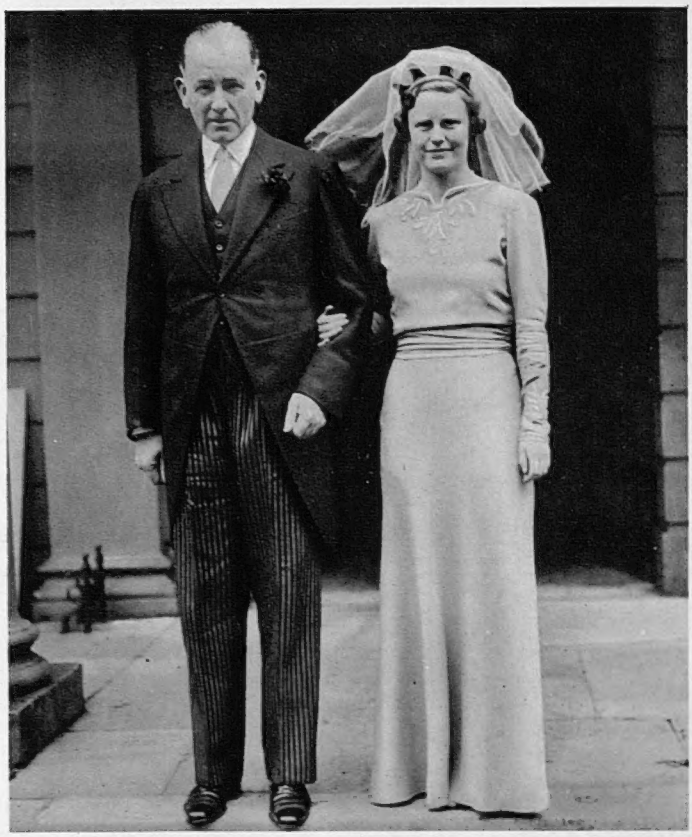
Baron

Viola and Sir Andrew at the Phœnix

Twelfth Night, the second production of Michel Saint-Denis' season at the Phœnix (the first was *The White Guard*) was received with unmixed enthusiasm last week. The biggest bouquets went to Peggy Ashcroft for her Viola, just the immaculate and intelligent performance that her followers now expect, and to Michael Redgrave, for his braggadocio of a poor fish of an Aguecheek, his absurdity touched with pathos. Bronson Albery, whose father's birth centenary was celebrated last Sunday at the Aldwych, and Michel Saint-Denis did well to choose the lovable *Twelfth Night* for Christmas in place of the previously planned *The Cherry Orchard*. The production at the Phœnix will obviously outlive the Christmas-tree in the foyer there

Social Register

A WEDDING



Brigadier Willoughby Norrie and Miss Patricia Bainbridge

Brigadier Charles Willoughby Moke Norrie married, as his second wife, Patricia Merryweather Bainbridge, of Upton Grove, Tetbury, at St. Peter with St. Thomas, Vere Street. She is the daughter of the late Emerson Bainbridge, M.P., and of Mrs. George Warre

A CHRISTENING

James Cecil Baring, His Nurse, Parents and Brother

Lord and Lady Revelstoke's second son was christened James Cecil at St. Mary's, Bryanston Square. Their elder son John had his fourth birthday three days after the christening. They live in Bryanston Square. Lady Revelstoke is Lord Hesketh's younger daughter

ST. ANDREW'S DAY AT ETON

Lord Wodehouse and Lord Kimberley

One Eton heir to an Earldom who had a parent down for St. Andrew's Day was fourteen-year-old Lord Wodehouse. The Earl of Kimberley, when he was Lord Wodehouse, made his name famous in the polo-playing world

John Julian Ormsby-Gore and His Parents

Lord and Lady Harlech both visited their second son, who has just gone to Eton. He was thirteen this year. Lord Harlech is still hard to recognise under his title, to which he succeeded when his father died last May

Lord Burghesh and His Mother

Another heir to an Earldom at Eton is Lord Burghesh, elder son of the Earl and Countess of Westmorland. He is also fourteen. His mother was with him for the day, which was sunny and clear, but very cold for watching the Wall Game

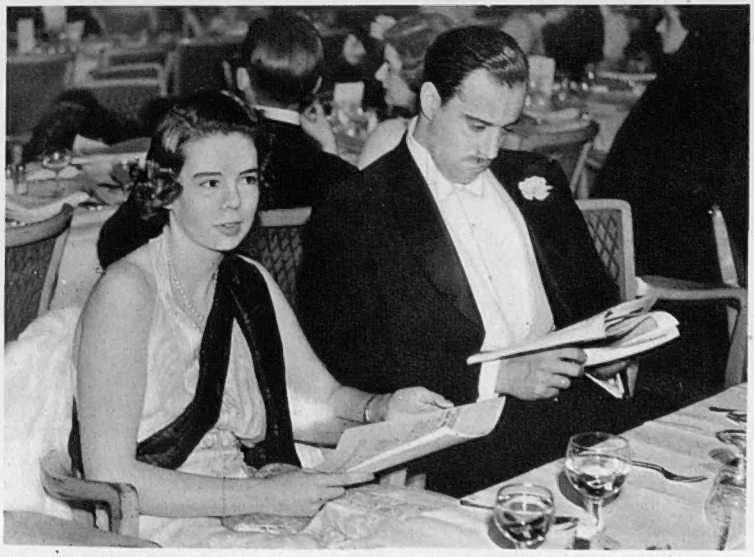
TWO ENGAGEMENTS

Mrs. Mary Duffill and the Hon. Brian Lewis

Brian Lewis and Mrs. Duffill announced two weeks ago that they were shortly to be married. He is the only son of Lord and Lady Essendon, and well known as a racing motorist. She is the widow of Albert Duffill, and daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Booker, of Los Angeles. They were photographed outside his parents' house in Charles Street, Berkeley Square

ST. ANDREW'S EVE IN LONDON

The Duchess of Sutherland and the Hon. Frederick Ward



Miss Elizabeth Leveson-Gower and the Hon. George Ward

Mr. Adrian Beecham and Miss Cairn

Adrian Welles Beecham is the eldest son of Sir Thomas Beecham, Bt., the conductor, and Lady Beecham, of Clopton House, Stratford-on-Avon. Barbara Joyce Cairn is the daughter of the late Edward Cairn, and the Hon. Mrs. Stratford Tollemache, of the Old Manor House, Halford, Warwickshire. They will be married in the New Year

A LUNCHEON OF FRIENDSHIP

Lady Alexander Was the Guest of Honour

The Duchess of Sutherland took a party to the St. Andrew's Eve Ball, at Grosvenor House, in aid of the Royal Free Hospital. At her table was her seventeen-year-old niece Elizabeth Leveson-Gower, who is heir-presumptive to two of the Duke's titles, including the Earldom of Sutherland. With them are the Ward twins, Lord Dudley's brothers

A luncheon was given to Lady Alexander at the Dorchester in appreciation of all her work for charity, and, above all, as an organiser of programme selling, of which she has made a tremendous speciality. On Lady Alexander's right sat Sir Patrick Hannon (for whom see "Celebrities in Cameo," page 361)

Maurice Evans, as Hamlet, Drinks and Talks in the Interval

"Hamlet" in New York

The Prince takes tea and his uncle takes photographs in the interval

The New York theatre, lively and excellently supported this season, has found an increasingly firm public support for classical plays in recent years. On top of this wave stands the reputation of Maurice Evans. A Dorset man by birth (his father, a Dorchester J.P., is known for his dramatic adaptations of Hardy's tales), Evans owes his American chance to Katharine Cornell, for he first went to the States from the Old Vic to play Romeo to her Juliet in 1935. The successful tour arrived in New York on Christmas Eve that year and since then Broadway cannot have too much of the Englishman. Maurice Evans now plays Hamlet in an unabridged production of the tragedy which is claimed to be breaking local box-office records. He and his company at the St. James's Theatre (where his *Richard II.* ran longer than any other American Shakespeare production) grip the New Yorkers so completely that they are reluctant to leave the five-hour performance in the middle for an hour's dinner interval. Katherine Locke plays Ophelia in the production, George Graham is Polonius, Henry Edwards is Claudius

Henry Edwards, Born in Weston-super-Mare, is a Candid Camera Fan Off-stage; He Plays King Claudius

More Celebrities in Cameo

No. 99

Sir Patrick Hannon, M.P.

Sir Patrick Hannon, M.P. for the Moseley Division of Birmingham since 1921, conceals behind a Dickensian exterior a very precise brain. With his rubicund looks and snow-white hair, permanent carnation in his buttonhole and the House of Commons' uniform of black jacket and striped trousers, he combines the relics of a genial Galway brogue and an immense gusto for work. He is, in fact, one of the busiest M.P.s. If you look at the reference-books you will find that he is associated with anything from Aston Villa Football Club down to the Court of Governors of Birmingham University. His father was a farmer and sent him to Trinity College, Dublin, and from there to the Royal College of Science and thence to the Royal University of Ireland. Those were the days when T.C.D. was the home of great mathematicians and physicians, and such was his schooling that young Paddy Hannon, as he then was, learnt his Euclid so well that to-day he can still recite the first four books of propositions off the reel—and actually reads mathematical treatises and text-books for sheer pleasure.

This gift for figures has stood him in good stead all his life. After joining Horace Plunkett's staff he found himself actively engaged in the promotion of agricultural co-operation among Irish farmers in his early twenties, becoming the assistant secretary and later the chief organiser of the I.A.O.S. The next milestone in his career was when he was selected to go to Cape Colony as Director of Agricultural Organisation for the Government, during which he visited Germany and France and prepared reports on their vineyards. As a result, South African wines reached a world market instead of being the local brew of individual Boer farmers.

His first effort at entering Parliament, however, proved unsuccessful. For as a Tariff Reform candidate he was beaten by Sir Charles Hobhouse, then Postmaster-General, at East Bristol, in 1910. In 1911 we find him secretary of the Navy League, which he reconstructed, rousing real public interest in the Silent Service. He also became a Committeeman in Lord Roberts' National Service League. The war came and he was up to his neck in recruiting for the Royal Naval Division and lecturing to the Forces in the field on the work of the Navy at sea. Simultaneously, he became the first general secretary of the Comrades of the Great War and a member of the Estimates Committee in the House of Commons. Just before peace was declared he became the President of the British Commonwealth Union, the object of which was to safeguard industry when the war was over. It was from this body that the Federation of British Industries sprang. When he finally stood for his present constituency he was returned unopposed on the first two occasions. He has never been unseated, and in 1931 he had the all-time majority (apart from those North of Ireland seats) of 40,000. Even at the last Election he got in by 27,000, which was the third largest win. Every day his engagement-book is full. It is amazing how his digestion stands the strain. But a man who, in seven months, attended 137 banquets and luncheons in the United States, is no good to Harley Street. He avoids meat at banquets, drinks a whisky-and-soda, and occasionally a glass of port, and maintains a sixteen handicap at golf.

It was in 1935 that his wife gave him Magna Charta Island, quite unexpectedly, with the old house on the site of the sealing (not the signing, because King John was illiterate). Indeed, his first intimation of it was when a reporter asked for an interview on the subject at the House of Commons. One of his latest undertakings is the chairmanship of the Anglo-Italian Parliamentary Committee. He has also just become a member of the Sir Thomas More Society (they ought to go and see *Traitors' Gate*). He has six children, of whom five survive. One is a Carmelite nun. When speaking he puts his hands on his sides as though about to do a deep-breathing exercise. And it is seldom that one of his speeches doesn't contain the phrase, "A long period of time." Sir Patrick has a flat in St. John's House, Smith Square, and a house called "The Mount" at Farnham Royal, in Buckinghamshire. Yet he is very definitely a club-goer and belongs to no fewer than eight. In the past he has been Master of the Worshipful Company of Pattenmakers and continues to be a director of sauce companies, hotel companies, newspaper companies, and motor-car companies. To conclude, he is a very strong Roman Catholic. He belongs to a very old Irish family and is a Vice-President of the Irish Genealogical Research Society.

Charles Graves

Refugee : By David Jagger, R.O.I.

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

Sketches by Rouson

Dictators 1, 2 and 3: Signor Bombardone (Cecil Trouncer), Ernest Battler (Walter Hudd) and General Flanco (R. Stuart Lindsell)

"Geneva" (Saville)

How this play got past the Censor is a mystery. "A play of the moment," Mr. Shaw labels it; and in spite of the title—for isn't Geneva just now a bit of a back number?—a play of the moment it is. Here, brought up for trial in court, is Signor Mussolini, called Bombardone. Here is Herr Hitler, called Battler. Here is General Franco, called Flanco de Fortinbras. And here is Chamberlain, a sort of compound of Joe and Austen and Neville, called Sir Orpheus Midlander. The personalities are unmistakable. The fun is merciless. Why is it permitted? Because Mr. Bernard Shaw wrote it? Because he has such a great name? Because he is eighty-two? Whatever the reason, I gladly accept it, preferably as a precedent, but, if necessary, as an exception. For the last half of this play is such a magnificent political Punch-and-Judy show, so sane, so witty, so refreshingly long-sighted after the morning headlines read at close quarters, that anybody who misses it should be condemned to see the latest big musical every night for a year as a penance, without the option.

The Voice of England: Sir Orpheus Midlander (Ernest Thesiger), Begonia Brown (Alison Leggatt)

It is true that the first half of *Geneva* has dreary stretches, that the Cockney lady in the play, characteristically christened Begonia Brown, is just about as funny as her name, and that a maundering Spanish widow once again justifies the exclamation written by Robert Louis Stevenson after reading one of Shaw's early efforts: "My God, Archer, what women!" But as soon as the trial begins, the play becomes as engrossing as a narrow shave. And how salutary it is to be able to laugh, and to laugh good-humouredly, if only for just a little while, at the gross monstrosities who are conducting the affairs of Europe on the crazy principle that to do a little right one should do an enormous amount of wrong. Mr. Shaw has always been unpopular with romantics for pricking the bubble of heroism. He may now be equally unpopular for pricking the bubble of villainy. But the tide of hate is rising fast, and since nothing, as Mr. Shaw well says, is more dangerous than righteous indignation, to see the comic side of these dictators, who are only human beings dressed in a great deal of brief authority, is to restore proportion and postpone chaos.

I shall be surprised (and disappointed) if *Geneva* does not run longer than any new Shaw play since *The Apple Cart*. It is so topical; it discusses the burning questions of the moment with such bracing originality; its characters are so sharply and so shrewdly summed up. Mr. Cecil Trouncer in a toga is superb as Bombardone. Mr. Walter Hudd in Lohengrin attire might rasp more as Battler, but has excellent emotional paroxysms. Mr. Ernest Thesiger, in eyeglass and orchid, is deliciously suave and tactful as Sir Orpheus Midlander, who frankly admits that he does not know what he would do in circumstances that have not arisen. There is also a fine sympathetic performance by Mr. Alexander Knox as the Judge. We look forward to Mr. Shaw's next play with considerable interest.

International Judge (Alexander Knox)

Films of the Day

A Plea for Truth

By George Campbell

With *Suez* Mr. Darryl Zanuck has produced another spectacular historical drama founded almost entirely on fiction. Some of the critics are rather annoyed about it. One lady, quoting the *Encyclopædia Britannica* (Vol. 26—SUB to TOM), comments unfavourably on the casting of Tyrone Power, whose age is said to be twenty-five, for the part of Ferdinand de Lesseps, who was sixty-four when he finished cutting the Canal.

Another critic discusses the difficulties of arranging a love story between young Mr. de Lesseps, at the presumptive age of twenty-six, and the Empress Eugénie, who was then five. A pedant might also object to the suggestion that de Lesseps finished the Canal in 1869 with the financial aid of Disraeli, who actually bought the Khedive's shares in 1875; the part played in Napoleon's *coup d'état* by de Lesseps and his girl friend Eugénie; and, in fact, almost every single incident in the film up to the final scene where the forty-three-year-old Empress, looking possibly twenty-six, hangs a sash around a sexagenarian ditch-digger looking as well preserved as only Mr. Power can.

For my own part I found the whole film pretentious nonsense; and I have decided, more in anger than in sorrow, that something should be done about it. I am no pedant in these matters. I have every sympathy with producers and scenario writers trying to transmute the dry dust of history into the gold dust of the box-office. The telescoping of events, the introduction of imaginary characters, the heightening of this episode or motive and the playing down of others that do not affect the theme or cannot be fitted into its dramatic shape—these things are inherent in every attempt at what entertainers call history and historians call entertainment. You don't have to accept Dumas' solution to like *The Man in the Iron Mask*, or every leaden saint on Louis' hat to enjoy *Quentin Durward*.

But there are limits. Mr. Zanuck is notably successful in giving the public what they want; I dare say *Suez* will be seen by 20,000,000 people. The vast majority of them have never read the story of Napoleon III. and Eugénie, of de Lesseps and the Canal. They will go through life believing that what they have seen is history. Well, the cynic asks, what of it? What on earth does it matter what they think, so long as they have paid their shilling and had entertainment for it?

Let us suppose the cynic is right: truth doesn't matter. Then do let's be logical about it. Why are we wasting millions of money every year and from seven to fourteen years of young people's lives trying to teach them, amongst other things, history? If, on the other hand, there *is* any point in the compulsory education of children, common sense suggests that we should actively discourage anything likely to undo what little they have learned and give them a grossly and vulgarly distorted view of the past.

What, then, is the remedy? Obviously the censor cannot ban a film because it is not strictly accurate. If he did, not one historical film would ever see the light. But he could insist that where history is falsified so grotesquely as in *Suez* it should bear some prefatory caption warning the audience that what they will see is fiction.

Is it inconsistent, after this, to recommend *The House of Rothschild*, now enjoying a welcome and topical revival? I don't think so. The glorification of the founders of the great Rothschild banking house certainly involves liberties with the muse. Rivals alleged that the decision to pour millions into Government securities at the time of Waterloo was due to a new and laudable patriotism reinforced by advance news that Wellington had already won. This may not be true, but the film undoubtedly errs in making the Rothschilds' loan to the Allies dependent on Jews being given their freedom in Germany and Austria.

Never mind; I feel that here Mr. Zanuck is on safer ground. At least he doesn't present Mayer Rothschild as the discoverer of America, and the conqueror, with the aid of Montezuma's daughter, of India and Quebec. The main thing is that in spirit *The House of Rothschild* rings true. In times like these one can forgive much to so spirited a defence of Jewry, astutely written and directed, and magnificently played by George Arliss. *The House of Rothschild* is just as fresh to-day as when it was first presented four or five years ago, and ten times more moving.

The same cinema is showing one of a series of shorts made by a modest little concern called Strand Zoological Productions, under the supervision of Prof. Julian Huxley. I recommend it to everybody interested in the possibilities of the screen. It is called *Fingers and Thumbs*, and it is the story of the evolution of the human hand from the first fishy fin, and the scaly feet of the lizards and birds, to the foreshadowing of the completely equipped man in the hand of the anthropoid apes. The trail followed by the camera is more exciting than most detective stories, and the photography is enchanting.

George Arliss as the First Rothschild

It was an astute move of the London Pavilion to revive "The House of Rothschild" right on top of the pogroms. The story of Mayer and Nathan, both played by George Arliss, stands re-inspection after five years, and in historical accuracy as well as entertainment value shows that Darryl Zanuck can produce something better than the fictitious, pretentious and boring "Suez." Both films are noticed here

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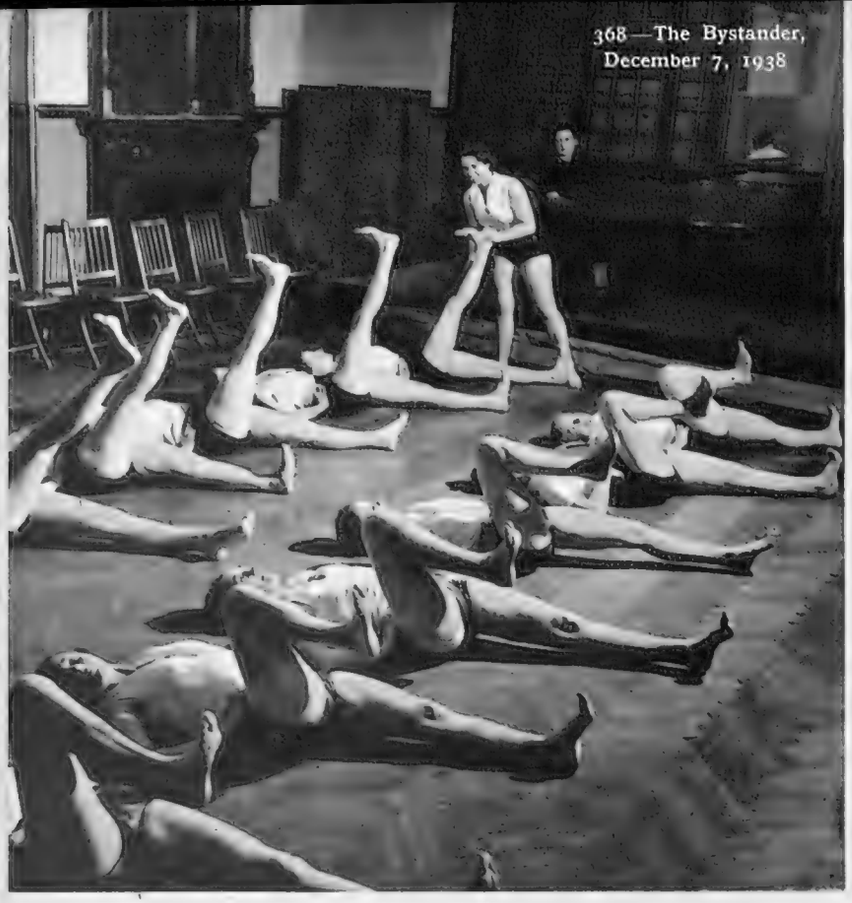
"Health and Beauty"

A Morning Class in Harrington Road

"The Tailor" is a fairly difficult exercise of which the first emphasis is on balance and the second on the "slim through" attitude, i.e., abdomen and lower back drawn in, ribs and upper body stretched up. Knees and feet are together, in contrast to the old-fashioned knee-bending and stretching exercise, and still more the ballet's "plié" exercise where the feet are as turned out and the knees as far apart as possible

The Women's League of Health and Beauty is widely known as an organisation through which office and shop girls can get their exercise in the evenings. Less publicised are their morning classes for women and girls whose work, if any, doesn't shut them up from nine or ten till six. Actually these classes are largely and enthusiastically attended. Hearing that South Kensington, Chelsea, Earls Court and to an increasing extent, Mayfair, had weekly or bi-weekly dates in Harrington Road, the *Bystander* asked a camera-man to attend one morning. On this and the next two pages are some results of his visit to the London Academy of Music and Dramatic Art, where the Health and Beauty classes are taken on Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday mornings and on Wednesday evening by Helen Stack. She is a cousin of Prunella Stack (Lady David Douglas Hamilton), the head of the League

The "Seal Sequence" includes this balancing act, the first part o an exercise which develops into a scissor movement, each leg in turn being stretched over the head to touch the ground. This is an advanced exercise for the spine and abdomen. A correctly balanced position is important; note the teacher, Helen Stack, making a correction, and another pupil behind her who fails to attain the required seal-like elegance



*"**Feet and Legs**" explains itself; it is a leg-bending and stretching exercise of an elementary kind which would do anyone good. It loosens the knees, slims the hips, strengthens the abdominal muscles. The stretched heel is important as antidote to high-heeled shoes. Like all "Health and Beauty" exercises, it is done smoothly, with no jerking, and to music*

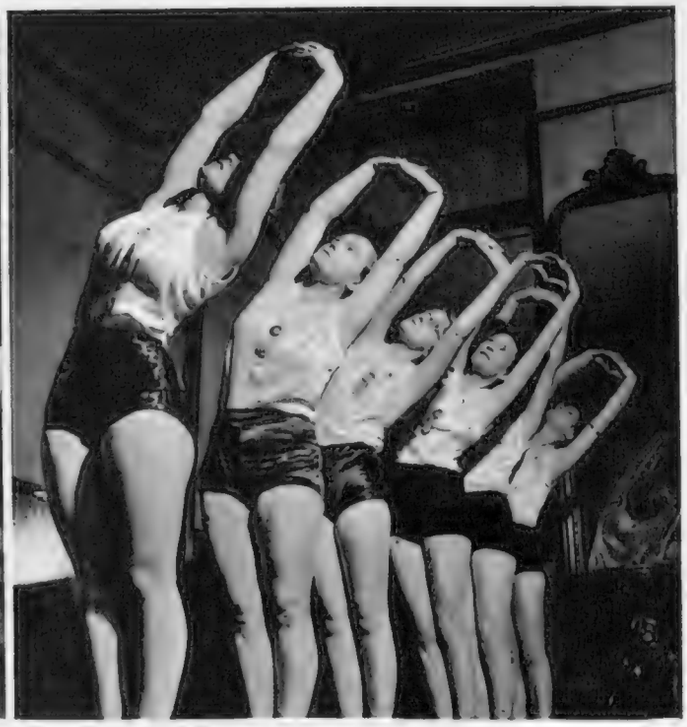
*"**Hip-rolling**" also speaks for itself as another elementary exercise which anyone could do with benefit. The class takes its hip-slimming very gaily and often provides its own music by singing*

"Movement is Life"

A "Health and Beauty" Class *(Continued)*

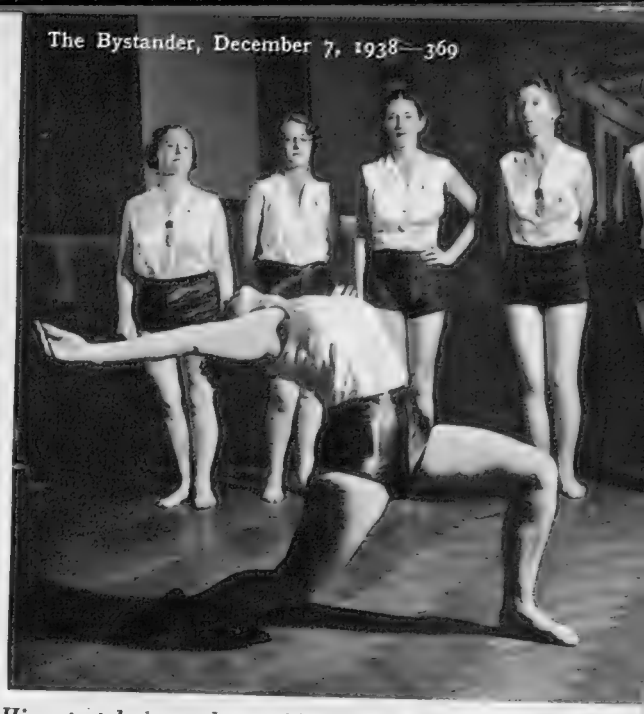
Women of every age, size and shape go to these morning classes in Harrington Road. Most of them are acutely shy at first in their uniform of white blouse and black knickers. But classes are sufficiently hard work and more than sufficiently interesting to cure self-consciousness very quickly. All the exercises from elementary to advanced are on the "stretch and swing" system. None aims at muscle-building, but all aim at loosening and stretching and the attainment of poise through the "slimmed steady centre"—the pulled-in abdomen and lower back and the stretched-up ribs and upper body. Morning classes cost 1s. except on Tuesday from 11 to 12 when the charge is 2s. 6d. Visitors pay 6d. to watch the fun. The League of Health and Beauty, founded by the late Mrs. Bagot Stack in 1930, is now registered as a Friendly Society and no longer privately owned. "Movement is Life" is the registered slogan

***The Croydon sequence** is so called because two Croydon girls invented it. It is a see-saw affair in which one pupil pulls her partner up, then bends her knees and lies down herself, to be pulled up in her turn. The exercise is performed rhythmically and without any effort, and stretches and relaxes the spine*



***The side waist bend** is a waist-slimming sequence, here seen in its more advanced form with hands loosely clasped, thumbs touching, above the head. In simpler forms the hands are behind the head or on the hips. Here again the "slim through" look is insisted on and no arched backs or puffed-out chests are permitted*

The Greek long leap *over four recumbent bodies was demonstrated by teacher Helen Stack. It is only attempted by advanced classes*



Hip stretch *is another position from the Greek and also belongs to advanced demonstration classes. The backward bend, plus strict attention to "central control," is not easy*

"Health and Beauty" *made its stage début when a class of ninety girls appeared in a recent Coliseum programme*

"Oh, dear! I'm so tired"
Miss Bijou Furze makes her first entry from the garden

"Oh, dear! Oh, goodness!"
She removes her feather boa, and the hat nearly goes too

"Miss Bijou Furze": Margaret Rutherford as an Irish Maiden Aunt in "Spring Meeting"

"I may as well have three before somebody comes and eats them all"
She likes to have her tea very punctually

"James, will you please fill this again?"
The hot-water bottle is worn inside her voluminous dress

Photographs by Anthony

"They must never, never know I have a bet, James. Such an example for the girls. . . ."

Bijou Furze and Margaret Rutherford, you feel, have been created for each other. *Spring Meeting*, the M. J. Farrell-John Perry comedy of an Irish family at the Ambassadors, is a brilliantly cast play, but to place Aunt Bijou in Miss Rutherford's hands was a touch of genius. Once introduced to this shabby elderly Irish woman, you wait with a kind of anguished delight for her next word or gesture, and when it comes you laugh—but you might cry. That is indeed the secret of Bijou: she is a rich comic, with her petulant vexations, her sly greed, her secret betting and scrumpled newspaper tips, her hot-water bottle and her incredible clothes, and at the same time she is a tragic figure—a woman whose vitality and gusto have gone to seed because life has made no use of them. And that is Margaret Rutherford's secret: her awareness of this poignancy gives her playing of the part an extraordinary sympathy, behind its glorious funniness. Originally a teacher of piano and elocution, Margaret Rutherford only began to study for the stage (at the Old Vic) after she was thirty. She spent several years in repertory before her first important West End part in *Hervey House*. Miss Flower in *Short Story* was another of her comedy successes

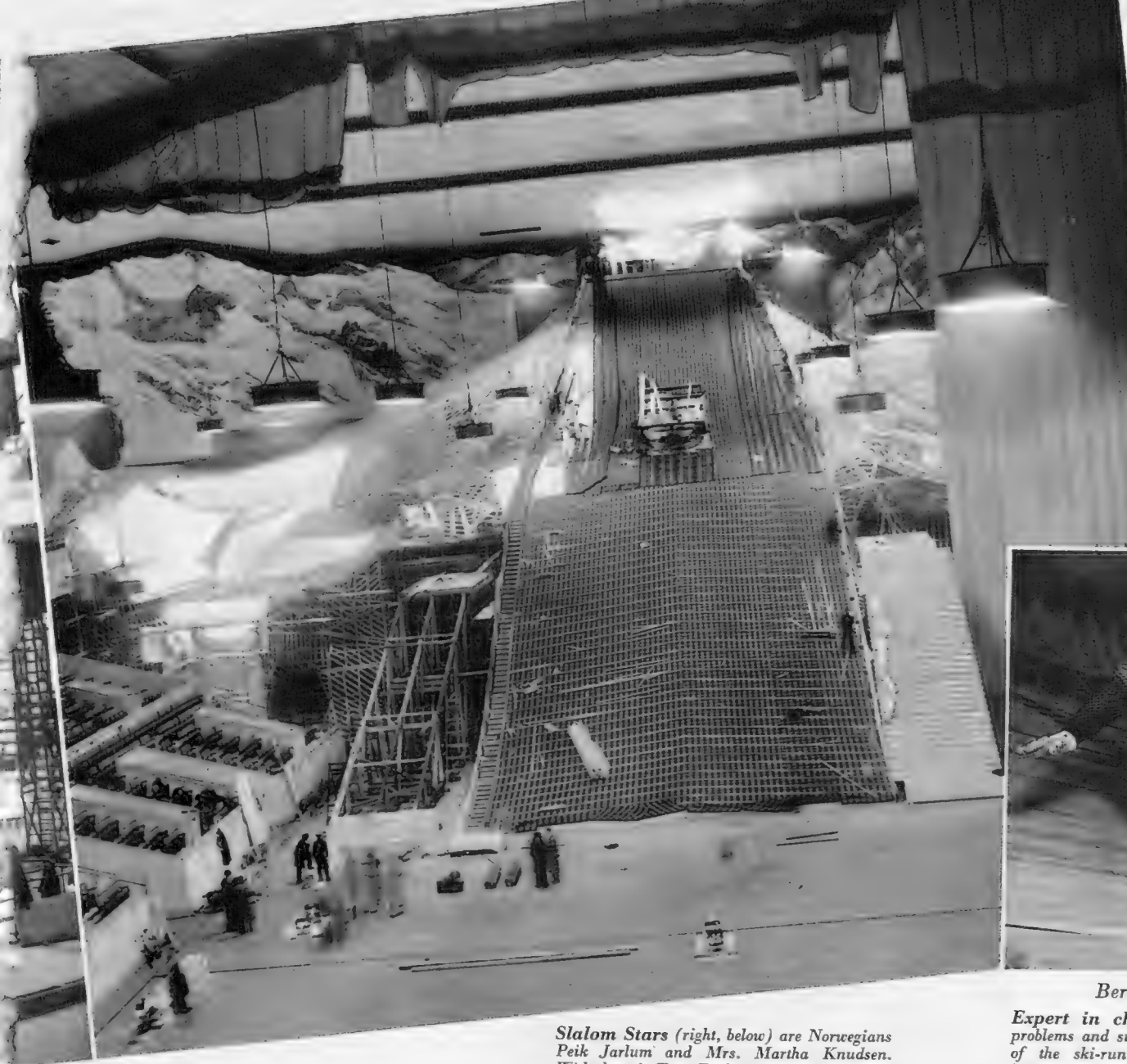
Building a Snow Mountain: A Preview of "Winter Cavalcade"

The bones of the mountain *are steel scaffolding and wooden planks and slats, with a background of painted scenery. Real 30-foot pine trees will be part of the finished landscape*

Norwegian sisters *are Kitty and Johanne Kolstad. Johanne holds the world's ski-jump record for women with 228 feet. Her sister, aged seventeen, is a downhill and slalom ski-er*

Chief Poking Fire *is a Canadian Red Indian who specialises in hurdle-jumping on snowshoes*

Winter Cavalcade is the huge revue and snow show which opened at Earl's Court last night. The revue, produced by Jacques-Charles, is a spectacular affair, which takes place on a wooden stage in the middle of the snow-covered arena. The mountain landscape is screened off for this first half of the programme by the enormous curtains (see above right), 250 feet wide and 100 feet high. Then these pull back, the stage is removed, and the ski-jumping and slalom-racing begin. The run and the arena are nearly a foot deep in real snow, i.e., crushed ice which is sprayed out by the "snow-storm" machines. Five hundred tons of ice were used for covering the ski-run alone, and 200 tons will be used daily to renovate the snow during the run of *Winter Cavalcade*. Six women ski-ers take part, including British Evelyn Pinching and German Hilde Sturm. The eighteen men for jumping, slalom, hurdling and trick-ski-ing are Norwegians, Canadians, Americans, one Frenchman and one Englishman. This is the first indoor ski-ing to be done in Europe; it has been an American winter craze since 1936



The ski-run *is much steeper than it looks here. It starts from a 10-foot platform over 80 feet from ground level. The jump take-off is the wooden arrangement in the middle. Cocoanut matting and slats of wood form the foundation for the snow*

Bertel Paaske

Expert in charge *of all ski-ing problems and supervisor of the building of the ski-run is Norwegian Bertel Paaske, U.S.A. Metropolitan Champion, and American indoor ski-ing star*

Slalom Stars *(right, below) are Norwegians Peik Jarlum and Mrs. Martha Knudsen. With them is Tove Engh. Peik Jarlum from Trondheim is twenty-four, a very graceful ski-er, and the beauty of the snow company*

Three pairs of twins *who are in the 100-girl chorus of the revue half of "Winter Cavalcade" are (r. to l.) the Robinson Twins from Oldham, the Dunne Twins from Cork, and the Heilbron Twins from South Shields*

Married ski-ers *(below) are Martha and Alf Knudsen from Norway. He has a school at Fefor, is a leading Norwegian instructor, a fine jumper (longest standing jump 210 feet), and an expert downhill and trick ski-er*

John Everard

Jill Furse, an Actress with Ancestors

Jill Furse is playing her first West-End lead in Robert Morley's cheerful and inconsequent comedy at the Vaudeville, *Goodness, How Sad!* Roger Furse, who decorated the play, and his sister Judith Furse, who also acts in it, are her cousins. The family descends from Sir Joshua Reynolds through Roger Furse, who painted "Diana of the Uplands." Judith and Roger can also claim Sarah Siddons as a forebear, but Jill makes up for this with Sir Henry Newbolt ("Play up, play up, and play the game"), her grandfather. She was born in his home, Netherhampton House, Salisbury, went from a Swiss finishing school to Elsie Foggerty, then to the Gate, then to a small part in *Victoria Regina* and a big one in *Because We Must* (Wyndham's). This summer she was at Perranporth with her cousins, pillars of Peter Bull's summer theatre there, but did not act herself. Jill Furse is twenty-two

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Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

FRENZY over the Oldest Old Etonian having temporarily died down among Auntie *Times's* little readers, somebody has started another frightful controversy over the Longest British Editorship. It seems that the *Geological Magazine* (appropriately) has had only two editors in its seventy-four years of existence, which shows how enviably unemotional geological journalism must be. Sometimes the sky over Fleet Street, murky at any time, is darkened still more by a kind of feu-de-joie of editors just fired from their chairs. Some of the boys have hardly time to enter, remove their coats, light a cigar, and chuck a secretary under the chin before they 're out again, such is the frenzied rush and hurly-burly of modern high-speed journalism, nobody seems to know quite why. On the other hand, some editors get so firmly wedged into their chairs that you couldn't dislodge them with dynamite. Of some of these the Fleet Street boys say they must know Where The Body Is, but in our view this is merely jealousy, unworthy of a great profession. You will probably ask why in the ceaseless cut-throat rough-and-tumble of the Street of Adventure editors don't go mad. The answer is that they do. What, all ? Yes, all.

If we were the *Geological Magazine* we wouldn't get too uppity about holding down that editorship with only two chaps so long. There 's not much trouble with handling fossils. You can't libel them (so far as we know), they can't soak you for heavy damages, there 's no fierce front-page competition when a fossil gets into some juicy scandal (yes, yes, we know what you 're going to say—forget it), no proprietor ever goes crazy over some lovely fossil, no fossils get mixed up with companies in which any proprietor is interested, and, in brief, to be in geological journalism is probably the next quietest way of making a living to being Pools Editor of the *Church Times*. No wonder they live so long.

Canard

NOT the least curious thing about that enigmatic figure, Lawrence of Arabia, is the fact that even now there are people who doubt (in print) whether he was able to speak Arabic well enough to deceive Arabs. Père Anastase, a Carmelite monk of Arab birth, member of the Egyptian Royal Academy and perhaps the world's foremost Arabic scholar, whose opinion was quoted in the *Daily Telegraph* the other day, says Lawrence was certainly able to speak Arabic as well as that, which ought to settle it. But there are always people who don't like to think chaps are quite as bright as they 're cracked up to be. A woman said to us sneeringly at a party the other night : " I hear that wonderful prose you write in the BYSTANDER isn't yours at all. You pay some miserable little starving hack in a back street in Brixton five bob a week to do it for you, and when you go down in your Rolls on a Saturday night to throw him his meagre wage you jeer at him and beat him silly, just for your sadistic amusement."

This story is, of course, a scandalous fabrication from beginning to end. We pay him six-and-six a week, he lives in Islington, and we don't beat him at all, we beat his ailing wife. But it just shows how slanders get round. There 's a story that A. G. (" Slogger ") Macdonell, whose kindly passion for

" Somebody ought to tell him about his hat "

" When I was your age I was married and had a home of my own "

giving smart women a free ride on his bicycle has long since made him the idol of Mayfair, can't ride a bicycle at all, but employs a double to cycle round the fashionable squares with one hand on his hip, whistling and crying " Yoo-hoo ! " to lure the duchesses out. The popular old roadster feels this slur on his wheelmanship keenly, the more so since he won last year's Six Jours in Paris under the pen-name of " Dr. Livingstone, or Ruby's Quest."

Call

A RECENT news-item reporting the death of " the Perfect Valet to two Archbishops of Canterbury " must have plunged a lot of chaps into prolonged and improving meditation. " What a job for Jeeves ! " was our own cry, also ; but although Jeeves himself has his archiepiscopal moments, it soon struck us that he might miss the loony-bin atmosphere of the Wooster *milieu* rather a lot. There have been one or two more or less Woosterish prelates in the Establishment—notably that merry seventeenth-century one, quoted by E. V. Lucas from Aubrey or somebody, who mistook the bald pate of a confirmation candidate for a polished wooden knob. " You with the head ! " quoth his jovial Lordship, exactly like George Robey, on discovering his mistake, and called to his chaplain for a handful of dust to keep his hand from slipping. Other pleasantly vinous gambols are recorded of this bishop, who liked his bottle, and valeting him would have been practically one long Wodehouse situation, one gathers. But it 's a long time since knockabout characters like that adorned the Bench, decorum has certainly reigned long in Lambeth's dressing-rooms, and even the natural cry, " Who bit that one off, your Grace ? " if a gaiter-button turned out to be missing after a visit to the Athenæum, would probably be coolly received nowadays.

Without presuming to dictate to the Maestro, we do feel there are as yet

unworked lodes of mellow and engaging unction in Jeeves which might yield rich ore in an ecclesiastical environment (temporary). Like Mr. Peters, butler to Dr. Taylor, the wealthy clergyman friend of Dr. Johnson, who so awed the mercurial Boswell, Jeeves could adorn any reverend household, so impressively, possibly, that his employer might begin feeling so uncomfortable before long that he 'd assume the morning gaiters almost with apologies. You may well ask what Bertie Wooster would be doing all that time. We guess he 'd be in a home, cheery as usual but complaining that his legs were made of Venetian glass.

Industry

A CHAP who grew tobacco in Northumberland, cured it, and (what 's more) smoked it, has just been swooped on by the Excise, and, being unable to afford a licence, has had to destroy his plantation. Which shows that one of the many things you can't do in a free country is to compete free of charge with the tobacco barons. Not that we 're crazy about home-grown tobacco, which in our experience tastes like old bed-socks, but the same thing would probably happen if a chap started distilling his own brandy from home-grown grapes (and maybe when you tried it you 'd conclude he deserved worse). The Excise never seems to trouble rurals who brew home-made wines, some of which would lay out a wooden horse, being not only loathsomely sweet and sticky, but in many cases packing a hang-over which lasts a week. Primed by these sinister liquors hayseeds take naturally to crime of a revolting description. When they next press a glass of it on you, look at their eyes. Cunning and sadism gleam from them. They 're waiting to see you curl up and roll over, which is always big fun for Mrs. Gumble's Maggie and old Uncle Josh Mangles, who is not right in the head.

We 've often wondered what kind of wine the Romans made from the vines they cultivated in England. Gripegut stuff, most likely, resembling a thin, sour hock, and reserved probably for Saxon guests, who had large thick square blonde Nordic heads and stomachs nothing could turn, as you perceive from their habit of guzzling mead, which is drunk in remote parts of Wales and elsewhere even to-day. But we guess that when the Governor of Regnum threw a dinner-party for friends his wine came from Gaul, as many good wines do to-day, though possibly via Algeria.

" I had one of those absurd dreams last night—where you 're walking about without your trousers "

Sahib

" IN Xanadu did Kubla Khan——" you know how it goes. The finest bit of dopey verse in English. The palace of Kubla, or Kublai, Khan was in Eastern Mongolia, and a Japanese savant said last week he hopes to excavate there as soon as the war will let him. Nothing remains of the " sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice " now but the foundation-stones and a few bits of rubble and broken statues, covered with thick grass. When Marco Polo the Venetian saw it, it had sixteen square miles of gardens and a hunting park. God knows why we should expect you to be interested in this. It gets you nowhere, we admit. On the other hand, if you 've seen the film Hollywood made out of Marco Polo's travels (" Won't ya have a drink ? " said Kublai Khan hospitably), you 'll be apt to agree with its star, Mr. Gary Cooper, who said at his reception-party in London recently that Marco Polo was the silliest part he 'd ever played ; a frank, engaging remark which apparently consternated many, and most of all the chap who was trying to book the film that week for a provincial run. Mr. Cooper, in fact, is a likeable character. Having thousands of cretinous sweethearts on his tracks like wolves all day long hasn't apparently spoiled the simple upright goodness of his nature. He even refused to take any fee from the B.B.C. for appearing in " In Town To-night." You don't often find decency of this kind among our native broadcasters, most of whom would see the B.B.C. somewhere before they 'd ever give up the ten bob or whatever it is they earn weekly (" . . . and Look at the Free Publicity You Get, Old Boy ! ").

Rebel

" HIT the bottle any time and smoke all you want," is the long-life birthday recipe of a 103-year-old citizen of Syracuse, N.Y. In our opinion he 's saying it just to annoy the other centenarians, who harp mostly on their own lifelong asceticism, the desiccated old prigs, and we don't think for one moment he can mean it. For if this venerable thinker has himself been hitting the bottle *ad libitum* all his life and smoking all he wants, he must be a blinking marvel. Clubland is swarming with chaps who 've been carrying out this attractive programme for less than half the time. Most of them are on committees and have cirrhosis, arterio-sclerosis, and thrombosis, and are very near their end. Their blood-pressure is so high that they think they 're boiling. Sometimes they are pursued by imaginary hoopoes, sometimes they begin physical exercises and can't stop for hours. They are, in fact, the kind of persons their fathers used to warn them against—which excellent crack is not ours, but Robert Lynd's. It is odious to find oneself even momentarily on the same side as the blue-nosed " temperance " mugwumps, but often, after surveying these chaps, we 've impulsively cancelled that second bottle of Cockburn after luncheon. Look up the purple, swollen tight-strapped Major Bagstock in *Dombey and Son* and you 'll probably get the same light shudder.

No ; in our view the pride of Syracuse is a cynical old haybag, if we may say so respectfully of hoary Eld, and his crack does the centenarian profession little or no good. **D. B. Wyndham Lewis**

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Jaffas for juice

Produce of Palestine

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

Championships at St. Andrews

THE AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP of 1939 will be played on the course of the Royal Liverpool Golf Club at Hoylake, starting on May 22nd, and finishing on May 27th. The Open Championship will be played on the Old Course at St. Andrews; the qualifying rounds will take place on July 3rd and 4th, and the Championship proper on the three following days.

Nowadays, whenever the Open Championship is played at St. Andrews, the Amateur Championship is played at Hoylake; and vice versa: when the Amateur Championship is played at St. Andrews, the Open Championship is played at Hoylake. The years when these two championships are played at St. Andrews and Hoylake can be relied upon to produce even more interesting golf than championships played on other courses, and, without exception, the winners have been indeed worthy winners.

In 1930 Robert Tyre Jones won the Amateur Championship on the Old Course at St. Andrews, after several very narrow squeaks, and the Open Championship at Hoylake at a time when he was far from satisfied with his golf, before returning to the United States to win both the Amateur Championship of America and the Open Championship of America. These performances are never likely to be repeated.

W. Lawson Little won the Amateur Championship at Prestwick in 1934, and the same year won the Amateur Championship of America, and repeated these performances in 1935.

THE Old Course at St. Andrews has not been altered to any great extent for many years. It is true that a few new tees have been constructed, making some of the holes a little longer, and the bunker known as "Boase's Bunker," at the ninth hole, was constructed within the memory of some of those playing in championship golf to-day; otherwise there have been only very minor alterations. Unfortunately, the course is very much richer than it used to be, and the putting-greens nothing like as fast as they were, even at the time when Roger Wethered tied in the Open Championship with Jock Hutchison in 1921. In that Championship, Hutchison, who was playing with a ribbed mashie niblick, is reputed to be the only man who was able to pitch on the sixteenth green and remain on it.

When Bobby Jones won the next Open Championship played at St. Andrews, which was in 1927, practically every man in the field was able to pitch on to this green and stay there.

The tremendous amount of play on the Old Course has made it necessary to use fertilisers which enrich the grass, and consequently make the putting-greens both slower and softer.

THE winners of championships played at St. Andrews are certainly an august body of golfers. The last winner of the Amateur Championship at St. Andrews was Hector Thomson, who won there in 1936. In my opinion, Thomson was the best golfer who played this year in both the Amateur Championship and the Walker Cup match.

The Amateur Championship of 1930, as I mentioned before, was won by Bobby Jones, and the one before that, played in 1924, by E. W. E. Holderness, who in the opinion of many is the best amateur golfer British golf has produced since the Great War.

The Championship of 1913 was won on the Old Course by Harold H. Hilton, who is the last amateur golfer to win the Open Championship, which he did on his home course at Hoylake in 1897.

The Amateur Championship of 1907 was won by another, equally distinguished, member of the Royal Liverpool Golf Club—namely, John Ball.

In 1901 Hilton won again.

In 1895 L. M. B. Melville, who is the only first-class cricketer ever to win the Amateur Championship, was victorious.

In 1891 and 1889, J. E. Laidlay was victorious, and in 1886 H. G. Hutchinson. For years the Amateur Championship of 1886 was recorded as the first Amateur Championship. After many years it was decided that the meeting held at Hoylake in 1885 was in reality an amateur championship, and thus in the records of to-day we find that A. F. MacFie is the first winner of the Amateur Championship.

Hutchinson was, indeed, an unlucky golfer. For many years he was considered the winner of the first Amateur Championship; and not only that, for when the Open Championship was extended from 36 to 72 holes, Hutchinson was leading after 36 holes had been played, so he might very easily have won the Open Championship and the first Amateur Championship.

Oxford at Walton Heath: *Capt. H. C. C. Tippett and D. S. Allom played for the home side when Oxford visited Walton Heath and, after some close matches, lost by twelve to two*

WITH regard to the Open Championship, the winners at St. Andrews are just as worthy as the winners of the Amateur Championship, although it is strange that Harry Vardon never managed to win the Open Championship on the Old Course. It is rather strange also that the only two occasions since the war in which there has been a tie in the Open Championship, were when it was played at St. Andrews. In 1921 Jock Hutchison tied with Roger Wethered, who incurred a penalty of one shot for accidentally kicking his ball, and subsequently won the play-off by nine strokes; and in 1933 Densmore Shute tied with Craig Wood, who might have won if he had not driven into the left-hand bunker in the bank just short of the fifth green, a distance in the neighbourhood of 400 yards. Shute, who played extremely steadily throughout the championship, and returned four scores of 73 each, won the play-off by five strokes.

The other winners of the Open Championship at St. Andrews (going backwards) are: R. T. Jones, Jock Hutchison, James Braid (twice), and John Henry Taylor.

I do not think there is anyone who can complain that a single one of these champions is not a worthy champion. A good course produces a worthy winner, and when an unknown player flukes a win in a big golf tournament, I always think that the course has had something to do with the result.

M. L. Arnold and A. H. K. Hamilton met W. H. Gibson and J. F. Stubbs, a Trinity College pair, in the Oxford v. Walton Heath match. The home players won 3 and 2

D. H. Garrow (Trinity), D. A. Drayson, J. R. Briggs (New College), and R. S. Mays-Smith made another foursome at Walton Heath. Here also the Oxford pair lost, by one hole

Art and Drama News Reel

The Prime Minister of Mirth and His Wife

George Robey and Blanche Littler had a big audience when they emerged from Marylebone Register Office as Mr. and Mrs. Robey. The bridegroom made a short speech into a news-reel "mike" and then walked down the steps carrying his bride's bouquet. She is the theatrical producer and proprietor and sister of Prince Littler

A "Principal Boy" and Her Husband

The Frank Lawtons were guests at the Robey-Littler wedding, Evelyn Laye very decorative in her furs and gardenias. She goes to Birmingham soon to be Prince in "The Sleeping Beauty," her first pantomime part. Frank Lawton is himself a theatrical bridegroom of the moment—in "Quiet Wedding," at Wyndham's

Clifford

Clifford Hall paintings, at the Leger Here he is "Sylphides"

Plato Chan and His Steeplechase

Plato Chan is an eight-year-old, left-handed Chinese boy whose pictures are on show at the Cooling Galleries. The Chinese Ambassador opened the exhibition, from which profits will go to the International Peace Hospital in China. Plato Chan's father is an attaché at the Chinese Legation in Paris

Epstein and His "Fleurs du Mal"

Jacob Epstein has spent two years on his sixty illustrations for Baudelaire's "Les Fleurs du Mal," of which forty are being shown at Tooth's Gallery. They seem likely to cause as much controversy as the Epstein's exhibitions habitually do. The artist was photographed with two of the drawings, "Les Fleurs du Mal" and "L'Avertisseur"

Picture Party — Looking at the Catalogue

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Hitchcock were day-dress guests at the party Mr. and Mrs. Charles Laughton gave on the eve of the opening of John Armstrong's exhibition. Mr. Hitchcock, a fine figure of a film director, studied the catalogue with deep attention in front of a landscape and a table of refreshments

Host and Hostess, Artist and Wife

Charles Laughton and Elsa Lanchester are noted party-givers among their friends. This time their excuse was the pictures of an old friend of theirs, John Armstrong, whose surrealist paintings are at the Lefevre Galleries. On the right is Mrs. John Armstrong. Elsa Lanchester and John Armstrong worked together in their early days in the "Cave of Harmony" (see her book "Charles Laughton and I")

Hall and a Ballet Picture

has an exhibition of his recent including some ballet pictures, Galleries in Bond Street. with his wife, posed by a study, on the opening day

Picture Party—Looking at the Pictures

Leonora Corbett and Arthur Macrae did a round of the pictures together after the theatres closed down. She is the beautiful spy (carburettor-stealer) in "Under Your Hat," the new Hulbert-Courtneidge show, and he is part-author of the witty book of it

Guests in the Crowded Gallery

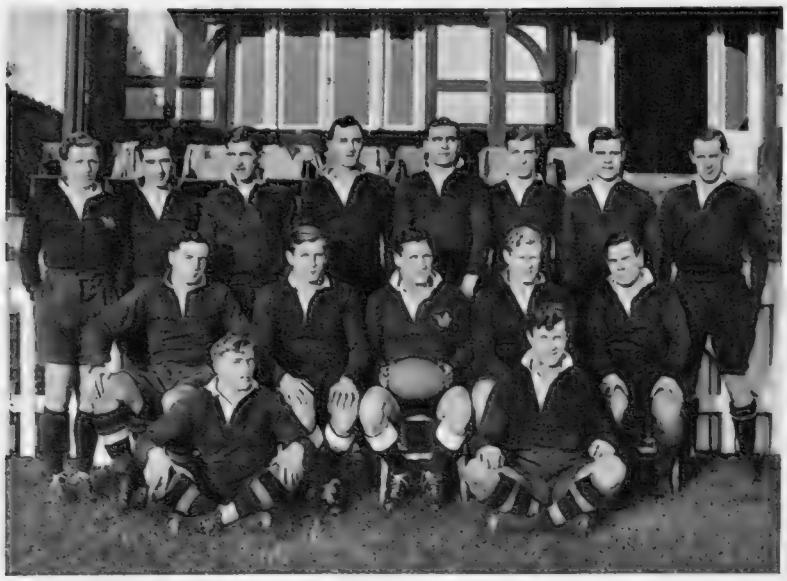
Sir Edward Marsh and Margaret Rawlings were two more guests at the Laughton-Armstrong party, which started at ten and went on until two or thereabouts. Margaret Rawlings arrived from the Lyric, where she is the mathematical heroine of Charles Morgan's "The Flashing Stream"

Below: Peggy Ashcroft and Basil C. Langton are Viola and Sebastian in Michel Saint-Denis's production of "Twelfth Night," and when they make up they take a lot of trouble to get the likeness as exact as possible. The result is extremely good. (See also page 357)

Likenesses: Viola and Sebastian in "Twelfth Night"

Likenesses: Miles Mander is a Film Disraeli

Miles Mander and Joan McGuire went to the New Gallery premiere of "Suez" together. Judge for yourself how like he is to Disraeli, whose part he plays in the film (a review of which is on page 364)



The Oxford XV.: *(standing) H. R. G. Percy, A. Muller, I. W. Sutherland, S. Pether, P. C. P. Phillips, T. J. Cowen, R. E. Luyt, W. M. Jackson; (sitting) H. H. Pennington, R. A. Marshall, H. D. Freakes (captain), D. G. G. Coles, I. H. Watts; (on ground) T. R. Thomas and G. A. Hollis*

The Cambridge XV.: *(back row) P. Sherrard, M. Dods, J. H. Steeds; (middle row) K. I. Geddes, C. L. Newton Thompson, P. A. R. Lindsay, J. L. Leishman, J. C. Swanson; (sitting) T. R. Parry, J. G. S. Forrest, W. O. Chadwick (captain), R. B. Bruce-Lockhart, K. D. Downes; (on ground) J. Parsons and T. R. Juckes*

Howard Marshall on Sport

APPARENTLY fresh efforts are being made to revive Rugby fixtures between France and the four Home Unions. M. Roger Dantou, the President of the French Rugby Federation, has been in conference with M. Bonnet, and the affair is taking on political significance.

I do not doubt that diplomatic overtures will be made to the Rugby Union, for games in these days play their part in international relationships, and occupy the attention of the Foreign Office. If France have really put their Rugby house in order, there is, I suppose, no valid objection to a resumption of relations. I take it that the Home Unions would require very definite assurance and evidence on this point before they took any action.

The position is that Wales, from a financial point of view, would welcome matches with France, whereas England are non-committal, and Scotland and Ireland are both definitely against the proposal.

As for the ordinary Rugby enthusiast, he feels on the whole that we have quite enough representative football as it is, without the added complication of games with France.

Whether Rugby football is liable to improve our relations with France is another matter altogether. I rather doubt it myself. But the fact that the question has arisen at all shows that one of these days we may have to consider the creation of a Ministry of Sport. Such a Ministry might take over all international sporting affairs, from the Olympic Games to Davis Cup tennis; and it could also handle sporting affairs at home from the problem of footballers' wages to the provision of playing fields.

There is obviously scope for a Ministry of

Ex-masters *out with the Fernie when hounds met at Great Glen were Colonel Sir Harold and Lady Zia Wernher, and their ex-deb daughter, Georgina. Sir Harold was Joint Master 1924-35; Lady Zia took over from 1935 to 1937*

A Cabinet Minister *in the hunting field when the Cottesmore met at Whissendine was Lord Winterton, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, taking a rest from the refugee problem by chasing foxes. With him is Lady Ainsworth; she and her husband, Sir Thomas Ainsworth, are regular followers of the Cottesmore*

R.A.F. Squash champion: *Sqn.-Ldr. J. W. C. More (right) won that title for the third time by defeating 3—1 Flt.-Lt. A. W. Sweeny. The latter, who is stationed at Cranwell, is better known as an Olympic sprinter*

Ard Macha *caused an academic discussion on the first and slippery day of the Newbury December meeting; well placed in the first three at the last fence, he made this mistake to finish third; and the question was, would he have won? Ontario II., with Rickaby up, leads here and did win; Prudent Achtoi (No. 3) is the other. Ontario II. gave Rickaby his second win under N.H. rules this season*

Sport. But there will also be stout opposition to it, I fancy, from the big sporting organisations. I can hardly imagine, for instance, that the Football Association would care to be responsible to Whitehall or that the Rugby Union would willingly submit the scrummage laws to the care of a Royal Commission.

The fact is that politics and sport do not make good bed-fellows. Let us resume Rugby relations with France by all means, if the rank and file of Rugby footballers wish it. But if it is to be made a political issue, we should, I think, resist it tooth and nail.

When you read these notes we shall, perhaps, know more about England's Rugby prospects. At the moment we cannot say that they are rosy. The selectors had the utmost difficulty in finding thirty worthy players for the first Trial match; and it doesn't seem probable that their difficulties will diminish.

The forwards are plentiful enough, and I dare say we shall be well served at scrum-half and on the wings. In midfield, however, we are woefully weak, and critics of the modern game are beginning to say that at last we are seeing the full effects of destructive back-row forward play.

Possibly this is true, though anyone who remembers the phenomenal scoring in last season's international matches may be inclined to doubt it.

If Rugby football in England is apparently in the doldrums, it is comforting to reflect that cricket appears to be on the up-grade. The M.C.C. team in South Africa continue to make enormous scores, and Sir Pelham Warner, in the new issue of *The Cricketer's Annual*, expresses himself with considerable optimism.

Sir Pelham is a little anxious about the standard of bowling. And there Lieut.-Colonel R. S. Rait-Kerr, the M.C.C. secretary, hit the nail on the head when he made a plea the other day for greater accuracy.

His contention was that our bowlers, in their obsession with spin and swerve, are forgetting the cardinal virtue of length. And he instanced O'Reilly as a bowler whose strength lay largely in his ability to bowl to his field. His remarks will be greeted with enthusiasm by the older school of cricketers, and we hope that our potential O'Reillys—youngsters like Wilkinson, Wright and Peter Smith—are working on the principle that control of length is the prime necessity.

The Amateur Squash Championship, which will be in progress this week, has an unfamiliar air without the dominating presence of Amr Bey.

Much though we regret his retirement, we appreciate his wish to open the way for other players; and the championship, as a result, has acquired a wholly new interest. It is a pity that N. W. D. Yardley cannot take part; and R. Pulbrook would have been a strong candidate if he could have spared the time. As it is, I suppose K. C. Gandar Dower, who is playing so well just now, is favourite, with J. F. Stokes very little behind him. There is also E. Snell to be considered; and if he and Gandar Dower come through to the semi-final, as they surely must, that will be a tremendous match

As for boxing, I have been most interested recently in the form of Ernie Roderick, the Liverpool welter-weight. The way he disposed of Gustave Humery at Earl's Court was most impressive; and there is talk now of a fight between him and Jock McAvoy for the middle-weight title.

Roderick looks like the complete fighter, and Humery would testify to the power of his punch. It is even said that he may be matched with Henry Armstrong, that amazing American negro; but I doubt whether there is enough money available to bring Armstrong to this country.

Skis in Great Court: *discussing their equipment in a group specially made up for the photographer who visited Trinity, Cambridge, are five members of the C.U. team to meet Oxford at Sestriere this vacation: S. Strutt, A. P. Dodd, H. M. Muir (captain), A. D. Fawcus and G. R. Ellis*

Golf Clubs at Home

Sonning, near Reading

The Sonning Golf Club lies off the Bath Road about two miles on the London side of Reading, and can be conveniently reached by bus from Reading or Twyford station. The club was founded shortly before the last war. Its natural hazards include ditches, gorse and rough, but the chief obstacles are the skilful placing of the sand bunkers in the clever layout. The total length is just under 6400 yards

A View of the Club-house

(1) T. C. Bench. (2) E. A. Scatton Brooks. (3) A. G. Sentance Tapp. (4) H. R. A. de Jonge. (5) Captain N. L. C. De Rinzy, M.C. (secretary), and Captain L. C. Gamage (captain). (6) J. F. Ashton (committee) and R. C. J. Goodrich. (7) P. E. G. Blagrave and C. J. Chapman. (8) Hector Seale and F. C. Waide. (9) F. Carter (steward) and A. J. Young (professional)

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Winter Golf: Putters and Poplars in a High Wind

The wind was so strong when the Essex Professional G.U. held their meeting that players could hardly hold their stance and balls on the greens wouldn't roll straight. However, R. T. Plumbridge, Thornton Park assistant, won with the fine scores of 74 and 36 over 27 holes. The putters in the picture are H. Emberson, of West Essex, and P. H. Morfey, of Clacton. The background of poplars and gasometer is at the eleventh green at Ilford

Reform Bill

By Eleanor E. Helme

DECEMBER is upon us. Only so many full shopping days remain before Christmas. Golf clubs are anxiously electing officials and feverishly looking up dates to make quite sure that they have not missed those by which, under the laws of the Medes and Persians, names of new office-bearers and resolutions for the annual general meeting must reach the Ladies' Golf Union. That date, by the way, is December 31st for resolutions, and, presumably, no excuses would be valid if they arrived late.

NOW and again it is difficult not to feel that the time has come when the L.G.U. ought to sweep away all its rules and regulations and start again with a clean slate. The asterisks, the footnotes, the marginal notes, the thick type, the italics—they all mean something, no doubt, to somebody, but really it does seem as if legislation had lost its bearings when an executive council issues a report which reads thus: "To reduce a handicap to 3 or better, players must return six scores on any 18-hole course or courses (the S.S. of each of which must not be less than 72). The average of the worst three of these six scores is taken. *Note.*—As the above alteration will drastically affect many players and will cause their handicaps to rise temporarily in excess of their current form, Handicap Managers are instructed, when necessary, to put such players on half-handicap under Regulation 1(c) in addition to the sliding scale."

THE great idea of this change, of course, is that a player, instead of being handicapped on her average of six best scores, is handicapped on the average of the three worst of six best. It may sound a Gilbertian way of expressing it, but no doubt the difference is considerable, and may remedy some of those really absurd handicaps which do exist. It is not the change, but the *Note*, which will surely give food for laughter to those unbiased (some would say uninformed) critics, such as plus men or onlookers from some other sport. For, mark you, if the new reckoning remedies the absurd handicap by more than 4, then the hapless player will be put on half-handicap, with the certain result that she will in frenzy take out numberless cards until her handicap once more touches the old absurd low level, from which the alteration of rule has been designed to rescue her. Was ever anything so ridiculous? The whole of the handicap regulations have become so meticulous, so unutterably complicated, that one can only pity alike the players who try to earn correct handicaps and the handicap managers who try to administer—or even to understand—all the ramifications of the system.

SHOULD one pity most the player or the manager? Does it not seem rather as if two remedies were needed? One would affect all players, and that would be to do away with voluntary handicap managers and have all the handicapping done by clerks in the L.G.U. office. Of course, there would be outcries from some, comparable to that with which telephone subscribers who chanced to have a kindly and efficient operator greeted the introduction of the dialling system, and a proportion of the handicap managers themselves would doubtless regret the change, since burdens become dear to some people, and there are many consolations to be found in work of all sorts. But the majority of players would be thankful to know that, if they returned a score which reduced their handicap, they had only to communicate with the L.G.U. office and the new certificate must inevitably arrive promptly and correctly. There have been unfortunate cases of handicap managers being away, or by some other cause being prevented from replying to letters, with dire results of subsequent disqualification, failure to qualify for a coveted team, and so forth and so on. It is easy to argue that players are by the regulations responsible for their own adjustments; the L.G.U. is actually responsible, and they ought to shoulder the burden. The expenditure would be worth it in efficiency and content of the handicapped.

THE other reform badly needed is of the handicap system for players of three and under, something much more drastic than any average of three worst of six best, instead of average of six best. That is, that handicaps of three and better should be given, after consideration of scores in open meetings, and of performances in championships, county matches and internationals, by a duly qualified special committee; and, having been given, they should be valid for, say, two years, affected by nothing short of winning the Open—I beg its pardon, Amateur—Championship. A player's form is not constantly changing, and the one who suddenly returns phenomenal cards round her own course, or any other, in extra day scores, should not expect such minor performances to put her at the top of the tree. A ranking list might cause heartburnings, but it could hardly contain greater anomalies than the lowest, shall we say, fifty, handicaps in the L.G.U. under the present arrangement.

***Bailing out** was one of the preparations at Walton Heath before Oxford came to lose, by twelve matches to two, to the home side*

***Wet feet** were an extra bunker penalty, in spite of the bailing. This was A. H. K. Hamilton, of Walton, who beat A. J. B. Marsham, of Oxford*

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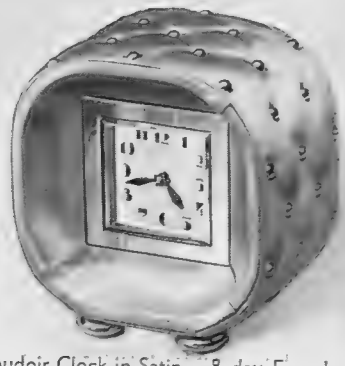

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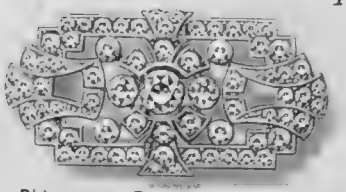

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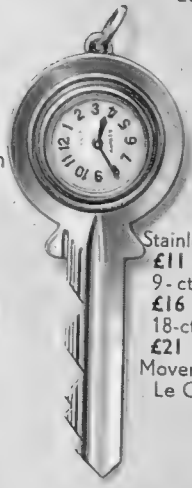

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The "Bystander" Bookshelf

To Eat the Nightingale

By V. S. Pritchett

It is the business of art, so they say, to impose an order upon chaos. Mr. Ford Madox Ford has always reversed the maxim. Show him any part of this very orderly universe, and he undertakes, like some Sterne turned conjurer, to make a mess of it; to produce from his hat, not merely the tender, simple and expected rabbit, but a swarm of bees with sparkling and electric hum which may well lead the pursuing, if skipping, reader, all over the place from Marseilles to New York, from cookery to culture.

The erratic route of that swarm is well known. *Provence: From Minstrels to the Machine* (Allen and Unwin; 12*s.* 6*d.*) lays it down once more. The theory is that civilisation is a path burned by the sun from Cathay to the Mediterranean and up the Rhône Valley. North of Valence, the uninhabitable, or, at least, the inedible, world begins; but the Great Trade Route may, by courtesy, or the force majeure of history, be extended to London, down to Land's End and on to New York. (I should like to annoy Mr. Ford by lending him Steffanson's *Northward Course of Empire.*) Off that path lie not merely Hitler, Winnipeg, and the raw-flesh-eating Goth, but hell and the indigestible in general; against that hell stands Provence, not heaven, indeed, but the home of sanity. Its history, its wars, that cheerful little massacre of the Albigenses, for example, are in this book. But this is a mean and orderly way of trying to put Mr. Ford in a nutshell. One moment he is bumping heads with Henry James in Winchelsea in a stunned attempt to pick up Mrs. Patrick Campbell's petticoat, which has fallen off in the main street—one never believes a word Mr. Ford writes about Henry James—the next he is standing in Trafalgar Square considering the advertisement for bile beans; and that, naturally, sends him over to Tarascon, where (now the Anglo-Saxon tourists have vanished) no patents are required, because there are no sluggish organs. The recipes slip out—bouillabaisse, and *without* langouste, please—and the juicy gastric memories which lie as freely as the memory of love. There was, unless he has bamboozled me, a meal of those infernal nightingales which astonish Americans, give plain men insomnia, and which yet, properly done, defy humanitarian sentiment by achieving a post-mortem ecstasy in the intestines of the epicurean—provided it was a long time ago and the epicurean is of a literary turn. Then back again to the British Museum and the Garnetts to tea, on to bull-fights, and the barber in Tarascon who won the million in the lottery but scorned to change his café or go on a world cruise. (He had a number of mild motor accidents instead!) And in and out of this runs the plea for a return to the Provençal Dark Ages, reluctantly mechanised, lest we find ourselves in the darker ages of the Teutoburger Wald, "with the poisoned gas clouds for ever above the appalled tree tops." Of the contemporary maddening writers, Mr. Ford has the most nervous vitality; of the sentimental, he is the most sparkling survival.

The short story has to pass two major tests. One of exquisite technical difficulty: it must leap without bungling through its hoop; the other, it must give economically not merely the surface of an episode, but indicate those worlds within worlds in which all episodes and persons have their complex yet fugitive existence. In most of the stories of *Something Wrong* (Secker and Warburg; 7*s.* 6*d.*), Mr. James Stern passes these tests in an individual, disturbing and accomplished fashion. He is one of those young writers who have been spotted by Mr. John Lehmann's *New Writing*. The general theme of his book is the failure of communication between the adult and childhood worlds; not the open conflicts, but the subterranean battles with their hidden wounds, their secret comedies, their postponed but indelible consequences, social and psychological.

A huntin' mother, prevented by injury from continuing her passion, hounds her two sons into it, and one of them into a form of courage which is not his own; a father misleads his son about a coming baby; a boy reveals to another boy the true history of his early nightmares which, though they have ceased, have marked him for life. This, the title story, is an admirable story, a whole novel is implicit in it. There is a continuity in the stories and two on a similar theme will illustrate the change of feeling Mr. Stern can command by an expert twist of the lens. In one, a boy is buffeted to and fro between parents who live apart; in the other, the children are unaware of a coming separation. On one family the muddle of ugly tragedy has fallen; in the other they stand all the more vivid in their happiness, for being left, unwitting, on tragedy's threshold. This is craftsmanship of the first order. The longer stories have some awkwardness and the style is uneven—spirited in the fine description of a foxhunt in the first tale, for example, and then dropping into sluggishness. But there is the pleasure of the implicit criticism, an original and serious intelligence. It looks as though Mr. Stern is going to count.

Lionel Edwards, R.I.

The sporting artist, whose present season's books include two collections, "Horses and Ponies" and "My Irish Sketch Book," as well as a children's book illustrated, "Grig the Greyhound," is seen with one of his favourite pets and models, a tame fox cub

The only place for a dog is the country. Elsewhere they are, in Mr. J. Wentworth Day's excellent phrase, "park paddlers, tea-time sycophants, and drawing-room druggets." (*The Dog in Sport* [Harrap; 8*s.* 6*d.*]) The only dog I have really admired is the French poodle, with its suggestion of the revanche venom of Poincaré and a satanised Roi Soleil, and I admire it even more since Mr. Day says that the shaving of the poodle's hinder parts has a functional origin. The poodle was the best wild-fowling dog in France, but, until he was shaved, he got water-logged. Mr. Day is full of such anecdotal touches; his book has the history of nearly all the sporting dogs, with expert notes on their breeding points and development; he is that rare person, the expert who writes graciously and well.

It is strange that at the time of year when people are supposed to be overflowing with good will to all men, they should play with murder by sending funny books to their friends. This spirit is naked in *Week-end Wants of a Guest* and *Week-end Worries of a Hostess,* both illustrated by Nicholas Bentley (Cobden Sanderson; 2*s.* 6*d.*), and both should be kept locked up if they are seriously used. They make good slanderous parlour games.

How to be a Hero, by Yunge (Cresset Press; 5*s.*), is intended to bring on Colonel Blimp's gout all through Christmas.

"Fish" is more polished in *Awful Week-ends and Guests* (Methuen; 5*s.*), a frivolous surgery done on exposed nerves. This is decorative cruelty.

The dog snob is dealt with rather heavily in Mary Dunn's *Beware of the Dog* (Collins; 5*s.*). Test yourself on the blurb, which says the book is intended for those who have "put their hand to the Chow."

Heather Mixture, by Virginia Graham (Methuen; 5*s.*), with Fenwick's drawings, is not for the sophisticated.

Mr. Ogden Nash's *I'm a Stranger Here Myself* (Gollancz; 6*s.*), with Mr. Nicholas Bentley again, is a book of verses in a curious, flat, broken-backed style, the special manner of tired American humour. This is border-line stuff, for me, but his simple stories and strange cases are dry and droll:

"If a postman gets a cold, it's unfortunate.
If a Tsar gets a cold, it's democratic."

I should not hate the relation who sent me this book.

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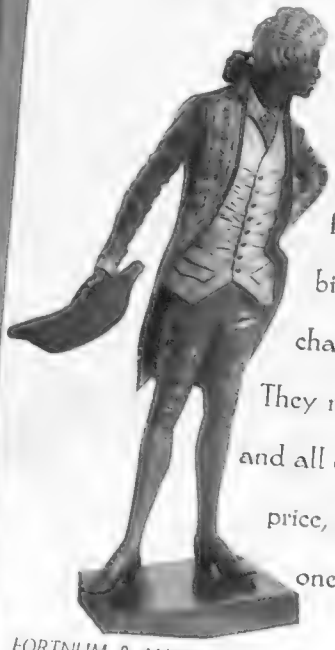

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"Bystander" Short Story No. 168

The Glove

By Conrad Phillips

Illustration by Lowen

I DON'T care what they say. They can laugh at me all they want. I still maintain that I was on the level. But what could I do about it? I couldn't call any witnesses, and without witnesses I never had a leg to stand on. All I could do was to tell them the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. But I knew they wouldn't believe me. I don't blame them. Had I been in their place I would have laughed too. My story did sound fantastic. I admit that. Maybe you will laugh, but not in the same way as they did.

Anyway, I had been down to Bayswater to my old pal, Mickey Howe. I was right on the floor. Nancye and I didn't have a tossing coin between us. I wanted to borrow a fiver from Mickey, but he was in the same boat. Things had been right on the ribs in our profession. I blamed it on to the newspapers. Weeks before the Coronation they had plugged stories calculated to put every foreign mug wise to the "con" men.

The best Mickey could do was a oncer. It was better than nothing. It would see us over the week-end. I was on my way home to Nancye when I saw the glove. I shall never forget it if I live to be a hundred. It was dead in the middle of the pavement. I'd got off the tube at Marble Arch to get a 59 bus for Brixton. It was a brown leather, fur-lined glove belonging to a lady.

"Congratulations," somebody said as I picked it up.

"For what?" I said, looking into the impish blue eyes of an old man with white whiskers and rosy cheeks.

"Your powers of observation," he said.

I thought he was taking the mike out of me. He seemed so pleased with himself. He stood right in the middle of the pavement, leaning on a stick, and was completely oblivious of the scantily-clad pedestrians who were panting under the heat of the afternoon sun.

"That's very funny," I said.

"Don't misunderstand me," he said. "I mean that. So many people have passed that glove that I was beginning to think I was in the Country of the Blind."

He looked so comical in his grey, braided suit and old-fashioned bowler-hat of the same colour that I thought he was one of those harmless lunatics with which this city abounds.

"I suppose," I said, "that you were just playing a game—you dropped it to see who would pick it up, eh?"

"I didn't drop it," he said. "A young lady dropped it—a young lady who went in there." He indicated one of those tea-shops where you sit in comfortable wicker chairs and nibble fancy cakes and drink tea out of pink cups.

"I would have picked it up myself," he said, "but I've got a stiff leg."

I was sorry I had misunderstood the old gentleman, for he had the demeanour of a real mug. And I had been looking for a bird like him to pluck for weeks now. You couldn't tell whether he was a millionaire or a pauper like myself. But I decided to investigate.

I inferred that he was an old roué out for some fun. He had seen the girl drop the glove, liked the look of her, and hoped to use me as a means of introduction. It was another sort of confidence-trick.

That was all right by me. If he had dough it would be the first time in my career that I contacted a mug without making an effort. It was a sort of pennies from heaven encounter.

"What do you think we ought to do about it?" I said.

"Well," he said, stroking his whiskers, "I think it would be a good idea if you joined me in a cup of tea. Then we could return the glove to the young lady."

"That's a splendid idea," I said.

There were only a few women in the tea-shop, and the owner of the glove was sitting at the far end of the room by herself. She was one of those cream-skinned, sloe-eyed brunettes who take your breath away.

"A pleasant surprise," I whispered to the old boy, as we walked towards her table.

"Yes," he said.

We sat down at the table, both a little embarrassed, for she was one of those girls who give you no encouragement. But you felt that once the ice had been broken you would get along fine.

"I'm not quite sure," I said, "but I think this is your glove."

I showed her the glove and she looked

at it, then she glanced in her lap and then up at me again. "Thank you," she said, smiling nervously. "Thank you very much. It was foolish of me to drop it." I liked her soft voice. It was the voice of a timid girl, and having mixed with girls who were anything but that, I felt refreshed to be sitting there beside her. The old man was pleased too.

"I've just been thinking," he said, "what a strange business life is. A few minutes ago we were all strangers. But now we are acquainted."

"All by a little glove," I said, helping the old boy out.

"Then you don't know each other?" the girl said.

I let the old man explain how he met me. He had a romantic way of putting it over that was fascinating even to a hard-boiled fellow like me.

He went on to tell her a story of his youth. He had known an officer who had picked up a lady's glove and it had started a wonderful romance. "Well," I thought to myself, as he was telling the story, "you certainly know your onions." His personality was marvellous for one so old. He had the girl enchanted. I put this down to his tricks of expression and the beautiful tone of his voice. He had a way of pausing in the middle of a sentence and gesticulating just at the right moment. You could almost see the objects his words represented tumbling from his tongue as he spoke.

You judged from what he said that he was well connected. He appeared to have a military background, and I thought that maybe he was a retired general. If he was, then I should be all right. For generals and politicians belonged to the best type of mug. Maybe they were bright on the battlefield, but they certainly can't see far when it comes to surveying grafters like me.

The waitress came up and the old boy said that I could have anything I liked. I was very hungry, so I ordered a couple of eggs on toast, the most substantial feed on the menu. The girl didn't want anything. She had had her tea.

"As a matter of fact," she said, powdering her nose, "I have an appointment with my hairdresser, and I must go."

The old man's face darkened with disappointment. Now, I thought, if I can keep that Jane here, I shall have the old man in the bag. But he wasn't losing her without a fight.

"Do you really have to go?" he said.

"I'm afraid so," she said.

"Well, if you must, you must," he said. "But it seems a pity that this bright acquaintance should be broken so quickly. I suppose I think more about these things than you do. You get like that when you're old. All your friends die, you find it almost impossible to make new ones, and you become doomed to live a life of loneliness."

He looked so sad that he even had me feeling sorry for him.

I caught the girl's eye and said: "I had an appointment, too, but I think it will be worth while to break it in the circumstances."

"That's very noble of you, young man," he said. "When I saw you outside I intended to ask you to join me in a nice dinner." He looked at the girl. "I had hoped that you might join us, too," he said.

"How late will you be?" she said.

"Oh, not very late," the old boy said.

"Do you mind if I 'phone, then?" she said.

"Not at all," he said. "Not at all." She got up and went out, and the waitress came up with my poached eggs.

"Thanks for helping me out," he said. "I like that young lady. She has charm and character, apart from her beauty, and that's what I admire most in a young woman. I had daughters of my own who were trained that way."

"Where would you suggest dining?" he said later.

"Romano's, in the Strand, is very gay," I said.

"The very place," he said.

The young lady came back in about ten minutes.

"It's all right," she said. "I've fixed it."

"That's fine," the old gentleman said. "That's fine."

I told her where we had decided to go, and she was as pleased as Punch. The last time she had been there was with a boy to whom she had been engaged. She had had a grand time.

"But what are we to do in the meantime?" I asked.

(*Concluded on page 394*)

There's nothing better than

BOOTH'S DRY GIN

BY APPOINTMENT TO THE LATE KING GEORGE V

for capturing the Christmas Spirit

THE *Matured* GIN

SPECIALLY PACKED FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENTATION

in 2-bottle, 3-bottle, 6-bottle or 12-bottle cases.

C.F.H.

The Glove

(Continued from page 392)

"What's the time?" the old boy said.

"I think my watch is slow," I said.

"It's a quarter past three," the girl said.

"Goodness!" the old man said. "I shall miss the bank." He fumbled about in his waistcoat pockets, and finally produced a cheque. "I've got to change this," he said. "I had no idea that it was so late."

"Where's the bank?" I asked.

"It's the Merchants' Consolidated. Just down Park Lane," he said. "If my leg wasn't so bad I could make it."

"Perhaps you could go?" the girl suggested.

"How much is it for?" I said.

"Only twenty-five pounds," he said.

Luck was in my favour. Here was a supreme chance to get his confidence. When the time came to give him the works he would trust me. So, as broke as I was, I decided to bring him back the cash.

I finished my eggs and stood up.

"How do you know that you can trust me?" I said, taking the cheque.

He smiled. "Young man," he said, "I haven't lived my long life without knowing something of faces. Your face is as honest as the day is long."

I thought he was the biggest sap that ever lived. To take his money would be like robbing a blind man. But what did that matter? He probably had more money than he could spend, anyway. And if I didn't take it, some other grafter would.

"It's very nice of you to say that," I said.

"We'll meet you outside," the girl said.

"O.K.," I said, and dashed off.

On the way to the bank I thought of Nancye and our empty larder, and I wondered whether it wasn't wiser after all to do a flit with the pony. I was, believe me, sorely tempted. But the possibility of cleaning up a packet later made me keep to my original plan.

The cashier took the cheque, which bore the signature of Maurice Butler. Without looking at me, he went into another room. I wondered if the person who had given the old man the cheque had enough dough in the bank to meet it.

I waited a good ten minutes.

The cashier came back smiling.

"I'm sorry to have kept you so long," he said. "Are you Mr. Lucas?"

"No," I said. "Mr. Lucas asked me to cash it."

"That will be all right," he said. "Do you mind stepping this way?" He pointed along the counter to a door. Not thinking anything, I did what he told me and went into an office. There were two other men in there. The one who wore glasses asked me to sit down.

"I have to ask you a few questions," he said. "You don't mind, do you?"

"Not at all," I said.

He wanted to know if I was personally acquainted with Mr. Lucas.

"Oh, yes," I said, thinking that it would save time.

The other fellow asked me what sort of a person he was, and when I told him, he wanted to know his address and telephone number. All these questions were awkward, and I began to regret having lied in the first place.

"What is it you are getting at?" I said. "Do you think I'm a fraud? If you do, go outside. Mr. Lucas will be there by now. Better still, let me take you to him."

I had no sooner got the words out of my mouth when in walked a policeman.

In less than a minute I was enlightened. The cheque was forged.

It all came to me then. The old man and the girl were working a racket. It was a new angle on the old trick of employing a man from the Labour Exchange as a clerk and sending him to the bank with the phoney cheque. By doing this the forger took no risk.

As soon as the Yard men saw me they knew who I was.

"What's the matter?" Detective-Inspector Hilliard said. "Given up the 'con' game, Charlie?"

For once in my life I was inside and innocent. And do you think that those coppers would believe me? Every time I attempted to tell them the truth they laughed at me.

"You'll be telling us next it was a rosary you picked up," Hilliard said.

I don't blame them. It was my own fault. I'd earned a reputation of being the slickest "con" man that ever came out of Australia. Knowing what they did about me, would you have believed the truth? I wouldn't. But the ironical part of the whole business was a jury had acquitted me twice before on perjured evidence, but this time, when I told them the truth, they found me guilty. For the next eighteen months I was doing bird. All I'm hoping now is that I meet the old swine with the white whiskers and his sloe-eyed dame. It's nobody's business what I'll do to them.

THE END.

Give him a lighter that lights!

JUNIOR SPORTS
No. 15064. Man's pocket-lighter. Chromium-plated and engine-turned - 22/6

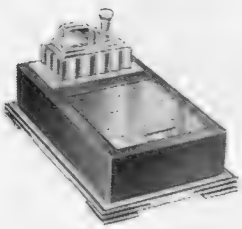
"Consistency, thou art a jewel." A Ronson lighter is a jewel—and it is consistent. A Ronson always lights. Flip and it's lit. Release and it's out. It works every time, without fail or fuss. Loveliness of line, novelty of shape and a master-jeweller's finish make a Ronson a gift to be proud to offer, enchanted to receive. Give him a Ronson—without misgiving. It will never let you or him down.

RONSON
WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER

GOLFER AND TOUCHTIP
No. 16068. Detachable Touchtip table-lighter mounted on black base with oxidised-silver figure of golfer - - - - - - 45/-

JUNIOR SPORTS "BUTLER"
No. 110. Man's long pocket-size in dull satin-finished chrome. Also engine-turned or in coloured enamel patterns - - - - 16/6

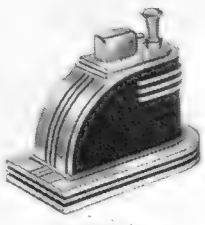
PENCILITER
No. 15252. Chromium-plated, engine-turned propelling pencil combined with automatic lighter. Press and it's lit! - - 18/6



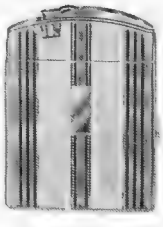
CIGARETTE CABINET
No. 16395. Roll-top cigarette cabinet with touch-tip table-lighter, chromium-plated and enamelled in black or tortoise - - 75/-

JUST A VERY FEW RONSON SHAPES . . . THERE ARE DOZENS MORE

TOUCHTIP
No. 16390. Table or desk model. Chromium-plated and enamelled in black or tortoise - - - - 70/-



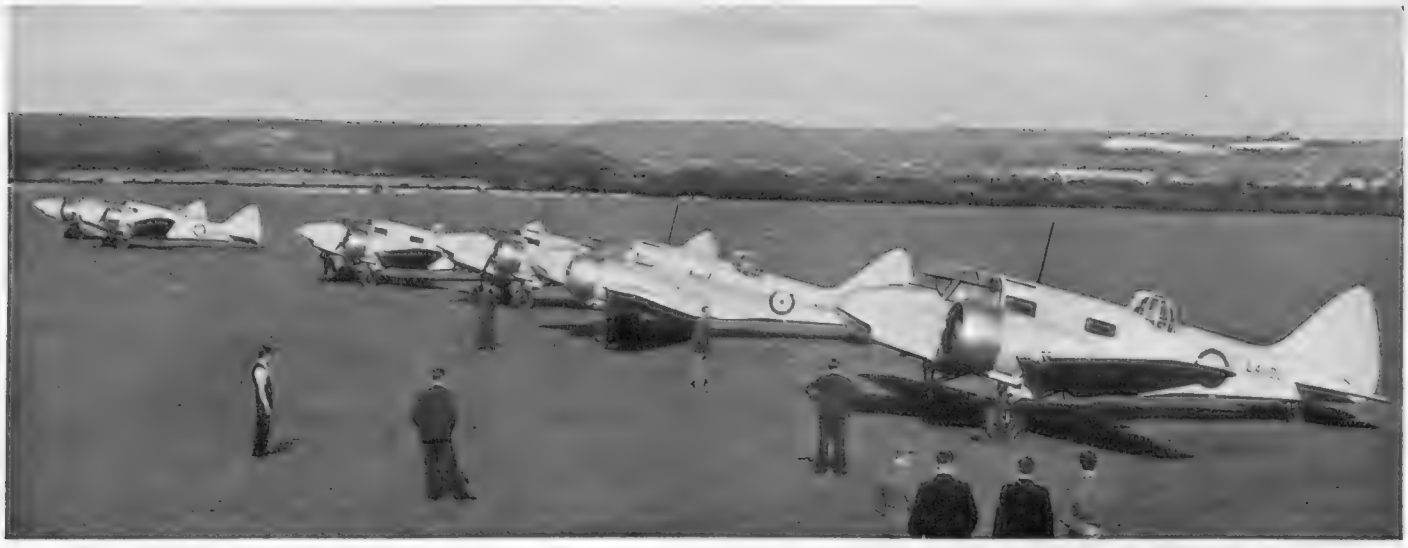
TOUCHTIP
No. 2110. Streamlined table-lighter finished in black, white or tortoise enamel. Touch tip and it's lit! - 32/6



TWENTY CASE
No. 2188. Enamelled and chromium-plated cigarette-case and lighter, holding twenty cigarettes - 63/-

KINGCASE WITH WATCH
No. 5025. Combined cigarette-case and lighter, engine-turned and richly enamelled in black or tortoise - 84/-

Ronson Products Ltd., 112 Strand, London, W.C.2.



Airspeed "Oxfords" at Portsmouth awaiting delivery to the R.A.F. This type is in full production as a twin-engined trainer. The 'plane used by members of the Royal Family was also designed and built by Airspeed of Portsmouth

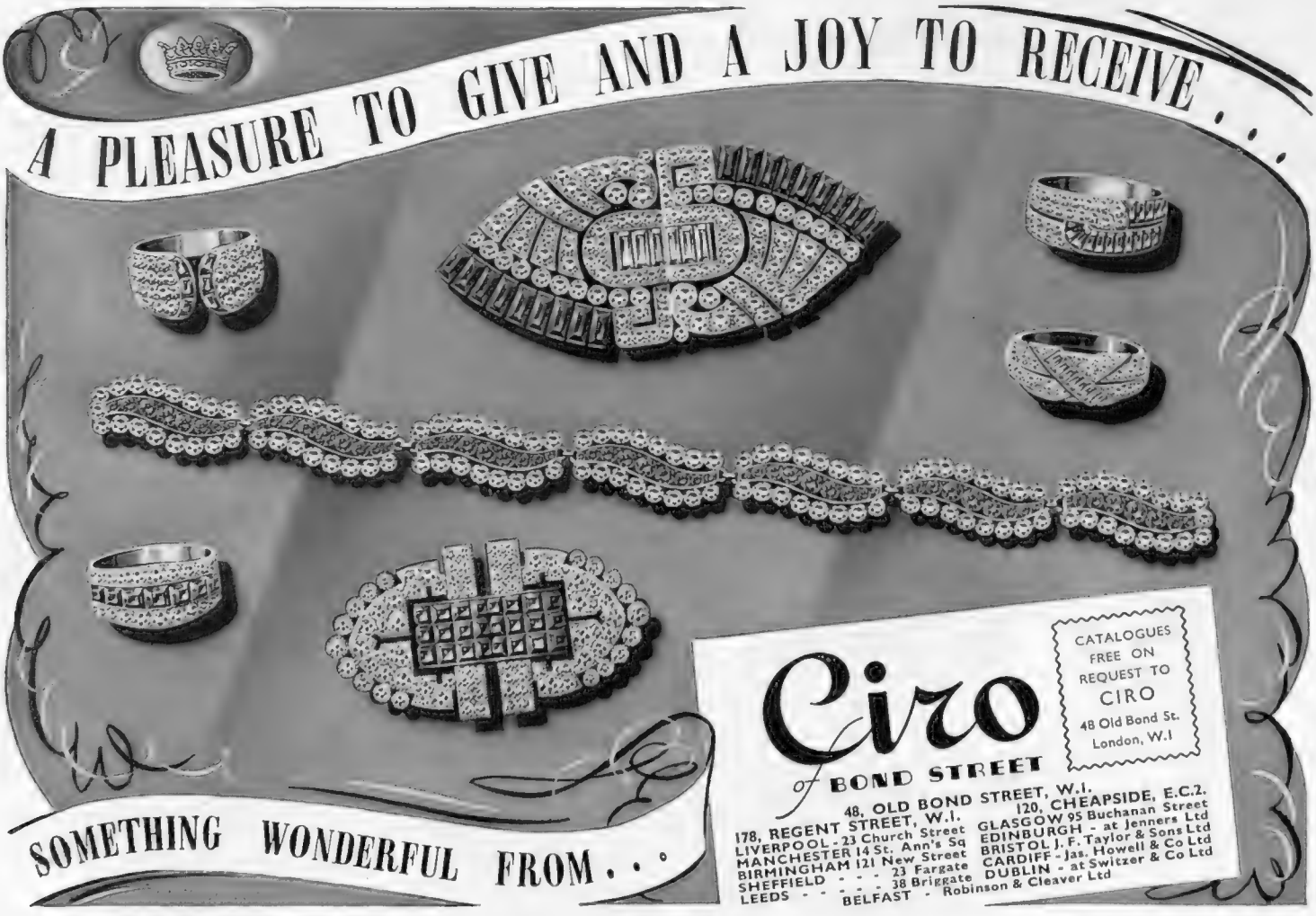
Our Flying Navy

By Charles Ward

H.M.S. "Ark Royal"

THE Navy which flies has been reinforced with a new ship, the "Ark Royal," first warship to be designed especially for carrying aircraft. Its full complement exceeds sixty 'planes of several types—for reconnaissance, bombing and defence. Sixteen hundred men and 140 officers man the ship and fly the aircraft. H.M.S. "Ark Royal" is of 22,000 tonnage and is the prototype of six Carriers, each of which will steam at 31 knots, a speed high enough to ensure take-offs and landings in a condition of dead calm. The flight-deck is 70 ft. above the water-line, 800 ft. in length, 100 ft. wide, with two ramps for'ard to assist aircraft to be fully air-borne. Below deck there are two hangars, served by three lifts. Fuel, oil and water pipes are built alongside the walls of the hangars, and the roofs are supplied with hundreds of nozzles, through which an anti-fire mixture can be sprayed in emergency. Armament includes double-barrelled units of 4·5 anti-aircraft guns and batteries of the pom-pom type. Facilities for the crew include h. and c. laid on in the cabins, a post-office, a library, shops, electric cooking and laundry. The flag of Rear-Admiral G. C. Royle, Senior Fleet Air Arm Commander, flies at the masthead.

(*Concluded on page* ii)

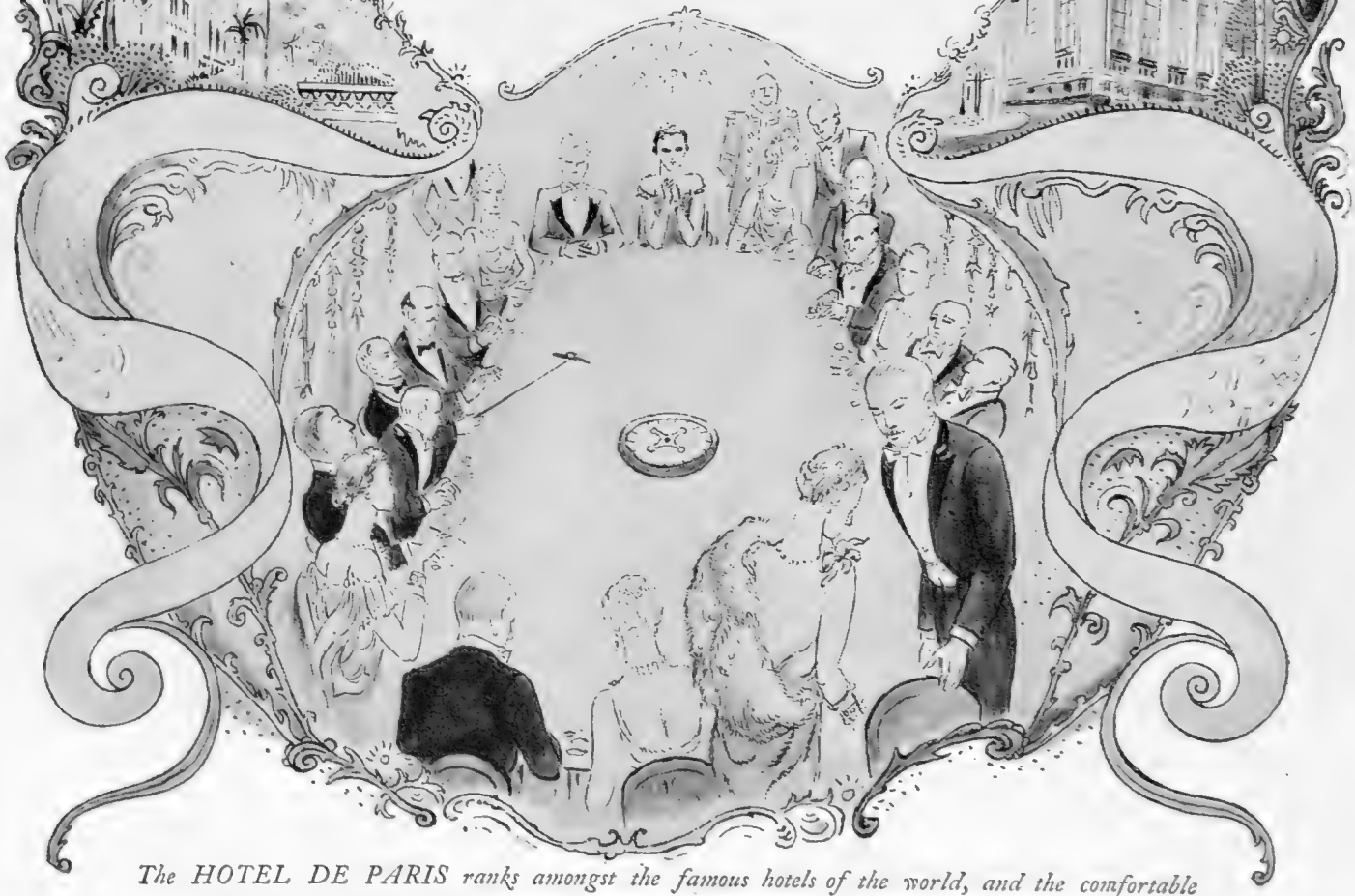


MONTE-CARLO

Winter Season 1938/39

Some Outstanding Dates

Dec. 21st. International Sporting Club Opening Gala. ★ Dec. 23rd. Recital by Vladimir Horowitz. ★ Dec. 28th. & 30th. Gala Concerts directed by Erich Kleiber. ★ Jan. 4th. & 6th. Recitals by Arthur Schnabel. ★ Jan. 5th. Golf—International Sporting Club Challenge Cup. ★ Jan. 11th. Classical Concert with Jacques Thibaud. ★ Jan. 17th. Golf—Leon Garibaldi Challenge Cup. ★ Jan. 21st.-31st. Opera—Wagner's Ring by the Bayreuth Company under Franz von Hoesslin. ★ Jan. 21st.-25th. 18th. Motor Rally.



The HOTEL DE PARIS ranks amongst the famous hotels of the world, and the comfortable HOTEL HERMITAGE is under the same management. There are innumerable other hotels to suit all purses, particulars of which can be obtained from Messrs. Thos. Cook & Son, Limited. and all travel agencies

Christmas comes in Boxes

by

IAN HAY

The famous soldier-author of "Housemaster," "The First Hundred Thousand" and "The Middle Watch" points the moral for all exasperated present-hunters.

Christmas conjures up before me a vision of people scurrying round the shops, darting from counter to counter, getting more and more grubby and exasperated. Being an essentially lazy man, only too anxious at all times to be thoroughly selfish, I solve my Christmas problem in a simple, inexpensive yet princely way. I order Havana cigars for all my most deserving friends. Now, when Christmas comes, I sit calmly back in a deep arm-chair, drawing quietly and with intense enjoyment at a rich Havana cigar, knowing that on Christmas day my friends will be indulging themselves in the same blissful way; knowing, too, that each time they light a fresh cigar, fresh blessings will be heaped on my head. But apart from the joy of giving—and the greater joy of receiving—a box of Havana cigars, a cigar smoked quietly after moments of emotion or strain, brings with it a sense of security and complete and utter calm.

Issued by the Cuban Government to further the smoking of

HAVANA CIGARS

Comision Nacional de Propaganda del Tabaco Habano

D.A. 538

Women are taking big jobs in the flying world. Here is Miss Marjorie Spiller, recently appointed chief instructor and manager to the Sheffield Aero Club

Our Flying Navy *(Continued from page 396)*

Colleges and Schools

THE College of Aeronautical Engineering, of which Lord Wakefield is President, is holding its annual party at Grosvenor House on December 13th. Guests of the evening include officials of the Air Ministry and the Industry, headed by Captain Harold Balfour, who is Under-Secretary of State and responsible in the House for civil aviation. The Aeronautical College was founded in 1931 to provide a complete vocational training for young men wishing to follow aviation as a career. Over 700 past students are employed in various branches of the Industry, and some 300 are at Chelsea, Brooklands, or with operating companies, completing their course. The curriculum is approved by the Air Ministry, and students are expected to qualify up to official standards. Direct contact exists between public schools and the R.A.F. through liaison officers who are old boys, whilst a number of schools are affiliated to a Service unit through their Officers' Training Corps. In addition, the Public Schools' Careers Association has full information on the openings for boys in the R.A.F. There is a need for large numbers of suitable candidates for training as pilots under the Short Service Commission scheme, and the Air Ministry has a special department for placing officers in civil life, after the period of active service has been completed.

Air Line News

IMPERIAL AIRWAYS' liner "Frobisher" has captured the commercial speed record from London to Paris—53 minutes, at an average of 238 miles an hour, and without the aid of a push-wind. "Frobisher" has four supercharged Gipsy Twelves of 500 horse-power each, and a block to block range of 1000 miles carrying twenty-two passengers, or, expressed in weight, two tons of pay-load. "Mercury" has also been in the news after its first commercial flight non-stop to Egypt with a ton of mails. The flight was made at night in 14½ hours, under the command of Captain Donald Bennett, the same pilot who took "Mercury" across the Atlantic, and from Scotland to South Africa, both non-stop trips. The problem of hangar space at Croydon and Southampton Water, and at the latter airport, a safe operating area under all conditions of weather, is getting acute. The "Ensign" class takes up a lot of room, so where everyone is to put their liners in the spring, when the seasonal increase occurs, is a mystery. There is still no news of Lullingstone being developed, in spite of the obvious need for another first-class metropolitan airport. During the fogs, Gravesend, Lympne, Shoreham, and even Southampton have been used for air traffic between London and the Continent. Talking of Southampton, the first of the "Burnelli" flying wings is due for test by Clyde Pangborne this month. Construction in this country has been financed by Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen.

BY APPOINTMENT TO THE PRINCE OF WALES 1938

Certain of a good reception . . .

A CHRISTMAS CASE OF

VAT 69

SCOTCH WHISKY

Attractively packed for Christmas in cases of

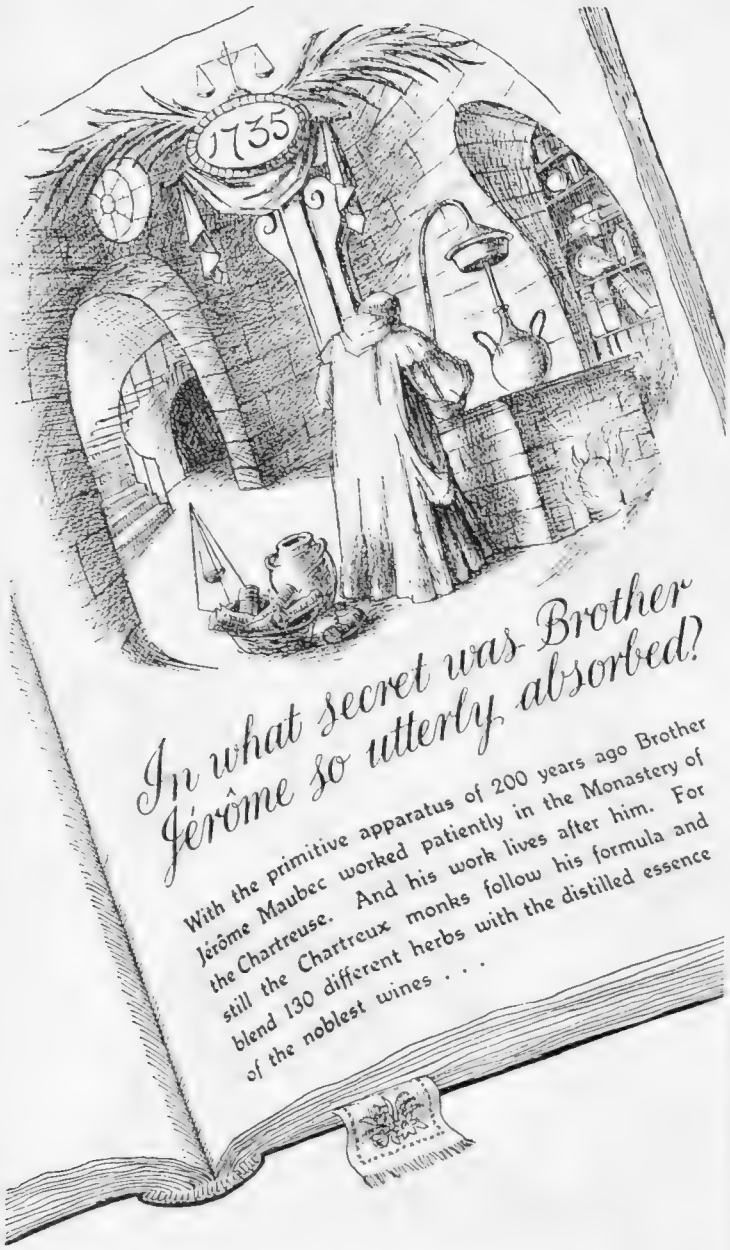
2 BOTTLES
3 BOTTLES
6 BOTTLES
12 BOTTLES

There's no doubting the reception that awaits a conveniently packed case of VAT 69 Scotch Whisky. It's the ideal Christmas Gift.

Sanderson's

LUXURY BLEND SCOTCH WHISKY

C.F.H.



Perfecting for your enjoyment to-day the most exquisite Liqueur in the world

Times change, and methods of production change with them. But the Liqueur of the Grande Chartreuse remains what it has ever been, the Liqueur of Liqueurs, perfect and without peer.

Some prefer the delicate charm of the Yellow, others the richer, drier Green; it is merely a matter of taste—and what a taste!

Green or Yellow

Chartreuse

THE LIQUEUR OF LIQUEURS

The Wolseley 18/85 Saloon

Mr. Hess deals with it in his article this week

Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

My remarks last week concerning the 1939 R.A.C. Rally have been followed by an announcement by the Club outlining the regulations which will cover that event. As previously stated, the Rally will start on Tuesday, April 25, finishing at Brighton with the Coachwork Competition on Saturday, April 29.

This year, however, the Club is proposing to incorporate in the road section of the Rally a number of changes. There will be only four starting-points, and from these competitors will be despatched on the afternoon of Tuesday, April 25. Driving throughout the night, they all will converge on Scarborough, where they will arrive early on Wednesday morning. After an interval for refreshment they will be despatched over a route of approximately two hundred miles, mainly running through the Yorkshire and Derbyshire moors. Included in the morning run will be a "colonial" section of approximately three miles. Competitors who do not desire to cover this may use an alternative route, but will incur a penalty of five marks by so doing.

Wednesday's run will terminate at Buxton, where competitors will stay the night. The next morning they will leave for Brighton, the day's run commencing with a cross-country section of about fifteen miles, including two hills. The first competitor will arrive at Brighton at about 4 p.m. on Thursday, the others following at regular intervals. They will immediately carry out a test, and will then park their cars in the official parking-ground, where they will remain for the night. On Friday morning there will be an easy-starting test, followed by two others to test acceleration, braking, etc. On Saturday the Coachwork Competition will be held on the Madeira Drive.

Supplementary regulations and entry forms will be available at the beginning of December and may be obtained from the Secretary, Royal Automobile Club, Pall Mall, London, S.W.1.

I have just had a run in one of the new 18/85-h.p. Wolseley saloons—and a very delightful automobile it is. Most responsive and eager for work, the engine gives the driver a feeling of confidence by reason of its flexibility and its smoothly-rising acceleration curve. I found the brakes excellent and the foolproof gear-box a perfect delight.

The only point of possible criticism, I thought, was the—to me—partial inadequacy of the headlights. As it was a wet night on which I tried the lamps, however, my criticism is perhaps an unjust one.

I liked the commodious body and the almost entire elimination of wind-rush noises, and I found the car most comfortable and "convenient" to handle both in traffic and at speed.

One peculiarity of this model caught me out rather badly when I first collected it, however. Switching on the panel-light, nothing happened, and I immediately reported the matter to Messrs. Eustace Watkins's foreman mechanic in a sort of "Remember, it was like that before I took it" manner. I confess I felt not a little foolish when that gentleman turned the switch and the panel-light immediately lit! Apparently the catch is that it does not function unless the side-lights are switched on!

I thoroughly commend this Wolseley as an example of first-rate British craftsmanship combined with many evidences that the brains of practical motorists have been responsible for the design. As one example of this I may cite the intelligent way of wiring the lamps in the corners of the back of the saloon, so that they light up automatically when the rear doors are opened after the side-lamps have been switched on.

From time to time suggestions are put forward that, possibly in order to save the time of the courts, power should be given to the police to fine motorists on the spot when it is alleged that

(*Concluded on page* vi)

Introducing

THE FIRST ELECTRIC DRY SHAVER PRODUCED BY A FIRM OF RAZOR MANUFACTURERS

for quick, close, perfect shaves

NOT got an electric razor yet? You were wise to wait. For now the *perfected* dry shaver has arrived. Electric shaving is now safe and pleasant, as well as quick, for it's made *for the first time* by people who know all about safety razors and blades—because they've been making razors for 36 years and more. Here is a coupon to help you find out more about it.

Why it is better: there are 70 'Magic Microtines' to guide each bristle into the right clipping position, yet *guard* your skin. So you can't help getting a *close* comfortable shave every time.

The Ever-Ready has a two-way shaving head, to make every motion an effective 'shaving sweep.' It has a non-skid grip, light weight, it's suitable for A.C. or D.C. mains.

3 Gns.
IN HANDSOME PRESENTATION CASE
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What better Christmas gift for any man of any age than easy shaving for life with an Ever-Ready Electric Dry Shaver?

Ever-Ready
electric dry shaver

The first electric dry shaver made by people with 36 years of face shaving experience

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To Ever-Ready Razor Products Ltd., Ever-Ready Corner, The Hyde, London, N.W.9.
Please post me explanatory folder giving full details of the Ever-Ready Electric Dry Shaver.

Name _____

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_____

Motoring Commentary

(Continued from page iv)

a minor offence has been committed. Consideration has been given to this matter by the R.A.C., who have issued the following statement :—

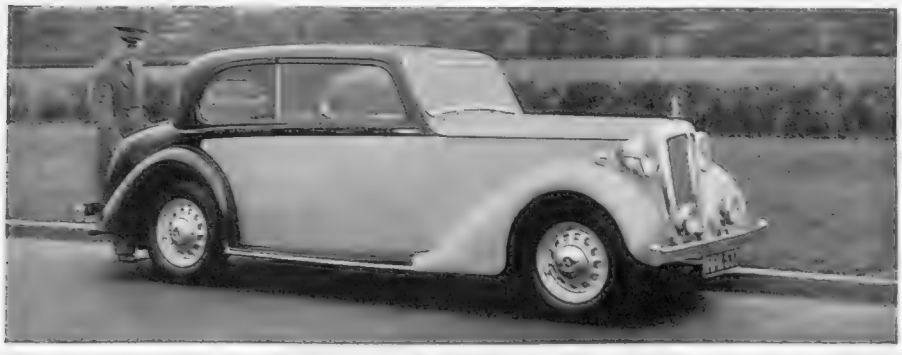
In this country one of the fundamental principles of our constitution, designed to preserve the liberty of the subject, is the complete separation of the judicial from the executive functions of government. The judicial authorities, whether they be judges of the High Court or only lay magistrates, are not under the dictation or control of the executive departments of State and can, therefore, exercise their judicial functions independently and without fear or favour. To entrust to policemen the right to impose a fine is to place judicial and punitive functions in the hands of executive officers. The adoption of such a system would, it is confidently submitted, be regarded by the great majority of people in this country as a dangerous precedent and one fraught with untold possibilities of the extension of the powers of bureaucracy.

Moreover, a person is presumed to be innocent until he is proved guilty. Anyone charged with an offence is entitled to a trial, at which he may state the grounds of his defence and call evidence. To place the power of summary punishment of motorists in the hands of individual constables presumes at once that the motorist concerned is guilty of an offence, denies to him any right of trial, and leaves his penalty to the discretion of an individual who may be prejudiced, unfavourably or otherwise.

The assumption that all motorists charged by the police with minor offences are necessarily guilty is entirely erroneous. The R.A.C. defends many thousands of its members each year against charges by the police of breaking one or other of the many motoring laws. In the case of what might be regarded as minor offences—obscured number-plates, crossing regulations, and obstruction—the Club obtains acquittals in about thirty per cent. of the total. With the power to punish in the hands of the constable, every one of those innocent persons would have been found guilty on the spot by the policeman concerned and summarily fined.

Another point which is forgotten is that a great number of motoring offences are at present dealt with by written warnings from the police. In 1937, for instance, out of 495,809 cases, 110,729 were so dealt with. If the police were to have power to fine it is safe to surmise that such powers would be freely exercised and the method of dealing with offences by warning would disappear.

And why is this suggestion confined to motorists? What has the motorist done that he alone of the community should be handed over to the police without even the right of trial? If the number of offences committed by motorists is high, that is not because the motorist—found in every walk of life, in every profession, trade or occupation, and in every class—is inherently a law-breaker. It is because he is beset by a multiplicity of regulations, many of them highly technical and which he has never heard of or does not understand.



A Daimler "Fifteen"

This smart fixed-head coupé is available on the Daimler 15 h.p. 2½-litre chassis

All entries for the Bystander *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* Bystander *during the current month.* Coupons must be attached to the cards, *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* Bystander, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY
THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON
DECEMBER

Name { Mrs. / Miss } .....

Address .....

A most Luxurious Christmas Gift

Are you going to give your own car a present or are you going to make someone else extremely happy? Whichever the case, you can't beat a MOTOLUXE MOTOR RUG for this winter's Christmas. Motoluxe gives such cosy warmth with a minimum of bulk, and there are 25 beautiful shades to choose from which will blend with the upholstery of your car. Made from the finest Alpaca Yarn.

PRICE 5 GNS.

Other Motoluxe productions:
Footmuffs to match rugs .. 39/6
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Ladies' Jackets and Coats from £4 4 0 to £10 10 0
Men's Coats .. from £9 9 0

Write for the latest illustrated booklet of all Motoluxe products to:

BRITISH MADE
EVERY GENUINE MOTOLUXE BEARS THIS LABEL
MOTOLUXE
THE SNUGGEST OF RUGS
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RIGA KUMMEL

Awards received at Exhibitions.

St. Petersburg	1860	Silver medal
London	1862	Bronze medal
Riga	1865	Bronze medal
St. Petersburg	1870	Silver medal
Vienna	1873	Bronze medal
Mitau	1875	Bronze medal
Mitau	1875	Silver medal
Paris	1878	2 golden medals
Moscow	1882	Coat of Wards
Bordeaux	1882	Golden medal
Paris	1882	Golden medal
Naples	1883	Golden medal
Amsterdam	1883	Golden medal
Caracas	1883	Golden medal
Riga	1883	Hors Concours
Nice	1884	Honorable Diplom
London	1884	Golden medal
Antwerp	1885	Golden medal
Liverpool	1886	Golden medal
Edinburgh	1886	Silver medal
Brussels	1888	Golden medal
Tiflis	1889	Hors Concours
Chicago	1893	Golden medal
Paris	1893	Honorable Diplom
Antwerp	1894	Honorable diplom
Amsterdam	1895	Golden medal
Bordeaux	1895	Honorable diplom
Lübeck	1895	Golden medal
N. Nowgorod	1896	Coat of Wards
Paris	1900	Grand Prix
Glasgow	1901	Honorable diploma
Zürich	**1930**	Golden medal
Riga	**1932**	Golden medal
Florence	1934	Grand Prix / Golden medal
Brussels	1935	Grand Prix
Paris	1937	Grand Prix

The Original Genuine KUMMEL comes from RIGA and is shipped only by WOLFSCHMIDT since 1847.

On and on

and on

and on

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7162

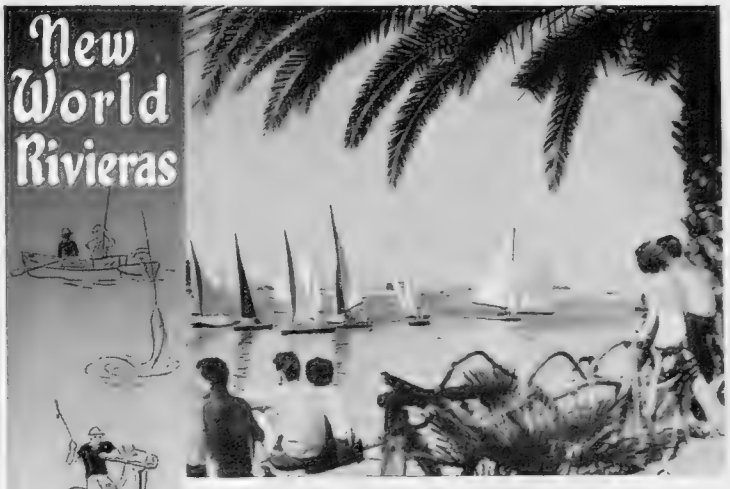
MILES NON-STOP

The R.A.F. knows that

YOU CAN BE SURE OF

SHELL

AVIATION PETROL AND LUBRICATING OIL



No Crisis in California!

What you want this winter is a complete change . . . sea, sunshine and sport at their best . . . and complete forgetfulness of troubled Europe and the whims of finance . . . sail away in a luxurious Atlantic liner and you can reach Florida, the West Indies, Gulf Coast or Bermuda comfortably in a few days . . . there'll be no crisis in California and it's just as warm as Cairo!

Through bookings via New York with convenient connections by rail, sea and air.

This Winter's Greatest Cruise
"LACONIA" (20,000 tons). South America, W. Indies, Florida, Jan. 26. 52 days from 100 gns.

Apply for folder to local agents or Cunard White Star Ltd. Liverpool, London, etc.

Cunard White Star

Make it an
OLD FASHIONED
Christmas

"CANADIAN CLUB"
Whisky

Hiram Walker & Sons, Ltd., 170-3, Piccadilly, London, W.1. Distillery, Walkerville, Ontario, Canada. Est. 1858

A Modern Medley

Scott Bushe

The wool should be wound carefully and loosely, so that none of its elasticity is lost. Small details such as this affect the size of the jumper when it is finished, and make for a faultless fit

The Woollen Way

WINTER, with its blazing fires and long, dark evenings, is just the time to take up knitting as a regular hobby. It is a pleasant, soothing pastime, involving sufficient skill to make it interesting. While beginners may find that they have to concentrate on the instructions and nothing else, experts are able to knit a most complicated jumper and read a book at the same time. It cannot be too strongly emphasised, however, that the results depend very largely upon the quality of wool used. Templeton's "Ayr" wools are ideal in every way, as they are soft, very warm, and thoroughly reliable. They are sold practically everywhere, together with special "Ayr" knitting instruction leaflets. These are compiled by experts, and are both clear and concise. Beginners, however, should remember that accurate results depend not only upon the use of certain specified wools, but upon such things as correct tension and the gauge of pins recommended. It is also advisable to buy the full quantity of wool required before starting to knit, as this will obviate the risk of having to buy a second lot, and possibly mixing the dyes. A booklet containing numerous illustrated "Ayr" leaflets has been prepared by James Templeton and Son, Ltd., Ayr, Scotland, and will gladly be sent free to all who write for it. It contains many charming designs, including children's matinee coats, dressing-gowns and cot covers.

For Those with Grey Hair

GREY hair has its charm, undoubtedly; but it is a charm which women prefer to discover later in life. Just as there is a natural inclination to cling to life itself, there is an instinctive desire to cling to youth. And so the knowledge that her hair is greying comes to every woman not perhaps as a shock, but as a realisation which is not entirely welcome.

Grey hair is caused by exhaustion of the hair roots, which become too weak to supply the hair shafts with that pigment which is responsible for the hair colour. This pigment is living matter, which in the hair shaft mingles with particles of air. The colour of the hair depends on the quantity of pigment in relation to air. In grey hair, of course, there is no pigment. Live colour can be restored to grey hair only by biological action on the hair roots. The manufacturers claim that "Entrupal" Hair Tonic will restore grey hair to its natural colour by this biological action. Their slogan is "A lotion—not a dye," and the preparation is approved and recommended by physicians "Entrupal" is sold by most chemists.

WHEN YOU TRAVEL

by Ellerman & Bucknall Line you have the assurance that behind the design of every ship is the accumulated experience of a century. The public rooms are tastefully arranged, the decks extensive, the cabins commodious and furnished with every requisite for comfort. The cuisine is faultless and the personal co-operation of an expert staff makes your voyage a really enjoyable experience.

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One of the best Swiss Ski-ing Centres

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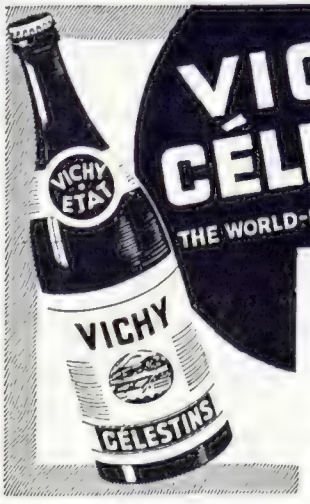
Curling Ice Rink Luge Run

Plenty of snow and sunshine until April

Write for information and Literature to:— Kurverein, Klosters



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THE WORLD-RENOWNED NATURAL MINERAL WATER

RHEUMATISM

VICHY-CÉLESTINS is Nature's own antidote for warding off the pains and penalties of *Rheumatism*. Drink it *regularly* at meals, and at any other time. *Obtainable everywhere.*

● CAUTION.—See that the label on the bottle bears the name of the Sole Wholesale Agents: INGRAM & ROYLE LTD., Bangor Wharf, 45, Belvedere Road, London, S.E.1

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Cortina d'Ampezzo, Ortisei, Colle Isarco, San Martino di Castrozza, Madonna di Campiglio, etc., in the Dolomites.
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Write for descriptive booklets and for particulars of the special Tourist Rate of Exchange, Hotel Coupons, etc. You will be surprised to find how little it costs to spend a winter sports holiday in

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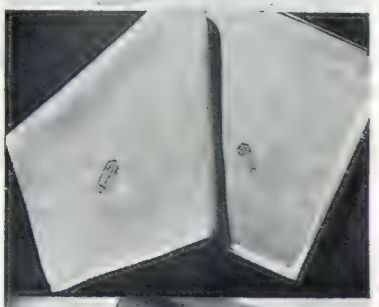
Gifts — SIX MORE SUGGESTIONS FOR MEN

ONE visit to Harrods Man's Shop will convince you of the comprehensive selection of gifts for every man, whatever his tastes or needs may be. The Man's Shop is on the Ground Floor.

Mercerised Oxford Sports Shirts. Tailored with expanding shoulder pleats and attached collar: Check patterns (M.S.1). **16/6**

English gum twill foulard ties in colours to tone with shirts (M.S.1a). Each **4/6**
Shirt and tie in Gift Box, the set 21/-

Pure Silk Foulard Gowns. In the popular white polka dot on ground shades of navy, butcher and wine; also available in a paisley design. (M.D.2). Each **30/-**
Also Scarves to match 4/6 extra



Suède Slippers, lined with Lambswool. Leather soles and heels are sewn and turned. Colours of wine, blue or brown. Sizes: 5 to 12. (M.B.3). Pair **16/9**

Initial Silk Handkerchiefs. White crêpe silk with hand-rolled edge. Black and White borders, with hand-embroidered initial. (M.S.5). (*Upper Illustration*). Each **5/6**

Hand-rolled Irish Linen Handkerchiefs. Cord borders with black and white hand-embroidered initial. (M.S.4). (*Lower illustration*). Six in box **11/6**

Foulard Ties. Made by hand from heavy English gum twill silk. Modern patterns or madder designs. To harmonise with all country clothes. (M.S.6). Each **4/6**
Three for 12/9

The Man's Shop

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CHIFFON

For the Small Woman

by Debenhams

A delightful chiffon evening gown; the corsage is of inch-wide tucks, and the belt embroidered in silver or gold. In mist blue, orchid or royal; made to order in other shades **6½** Gns.

Small Women, 3rd Floor.

Debenham & Freebody

WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.1

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LUXURIES IN LINEN

B.E.1. Table Set in green, peach, ecru, gold, blue or white organdie, hand worked in Madeira. 13-piece set (for 6 covers) 25-piece set (for 12 covers) **32/6** **18/9**

B.E.4. Irish hand-embroidered Breakfast Set in peach, blue, biscuit, green or gold. Per Set **9/9**
With Egg Cosy. Per Set **10/9**

B.E.6. Irish hand-embroidered, this Tete-a-Tete Set (traycloth) 14 x 20 ins. and 2 napkins in peach, blue, green, gold or biscuit. **6/3**

Christmas Gift Booklet is ready.

Walpoles

87-91 NEW BOND STREET, W.1.

108-110 KENSINGTON HIGH STREET, W.8. 175-176 SLOANE STREET, S.W.1

GIVE SOMETHING NEW
to friends who smoke

ZEUS FILTER HOLDER ELIMINATES 70% of NICOTINE

WITH Zeus there is no need to worry about smoking too much. What a difference it makes to the packet-a-day smokers! For inside a Zeus holder goes an extra cigarette that acts as a filter and *traps* 70% nicotine and tar before it reaches your mouth—gives you a cooler, better smoke—protects throat, lungs and nerves. A happy new gift idea, as a Zeus and its owner are inseparable . . . A constant reminder of your care and esteem.

Get your Zeus to-day . . . . 5/6, Standard Model, and up to 4½ gns. for the beautifully ornamented Zeus Aristocrats or write to Zeus, Ltd. (Dept. B), Regent House, Fitzroy Sq., London, W.1

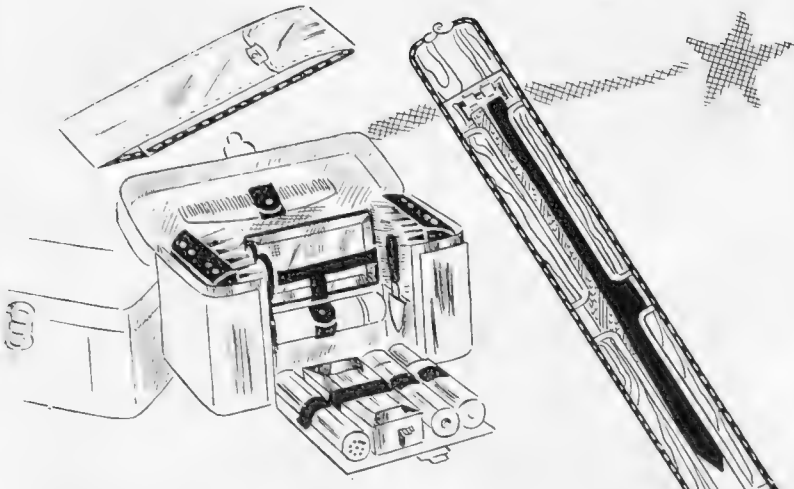
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS
To get beneficial results, all smoke from lighted cigarette must pass completely through inserted cigarette filter. Only Zeus provides this. Only Zeus gives you official laboratory proof that 70% nicotine is eliminated.

Dinner at Eight . . . .

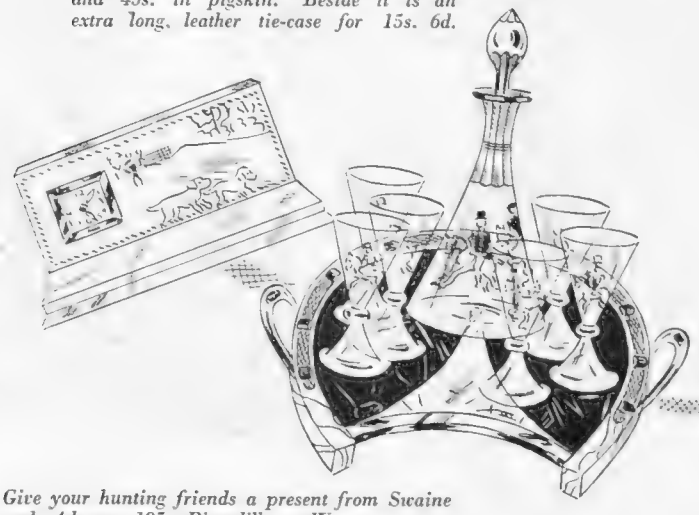
by Elizabeth

READY for coffee and dessert, with a Royal Paragon dessert set from Marshall and Snelgrove, of Oxford Street. There are 18 pieces to the set—4 dishes, 2 comport dishes, and 12 plates; a band of deep blue edged with gold surrounds the plate, and the centre medallion is gold. The coffee cups were selected to go with this set and have a gold engraved band and a blue band around them. They cost 10s. 9d. each, from the same department. The crystal centre-piece is a fountain candelabra. There are six candles in circular formation, and towering above them in the centre are the three crystal "tongues" of the "fountain." Such a table decoration would make any dinner party memorable

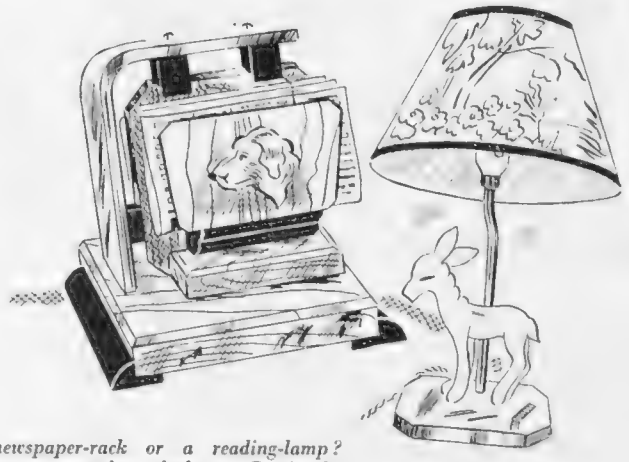
the bystander turns in search of Christmas Presents



A man's fitted dressing-case containing brush and comb, mirror and shaving tackle is always very acceptable. This one from Austin Reed, of Regent Street (and branches), costs two guineas in calf, and 45s. in pigskin. Beside it is an extra long, leather tie-case for 15s. 6d.

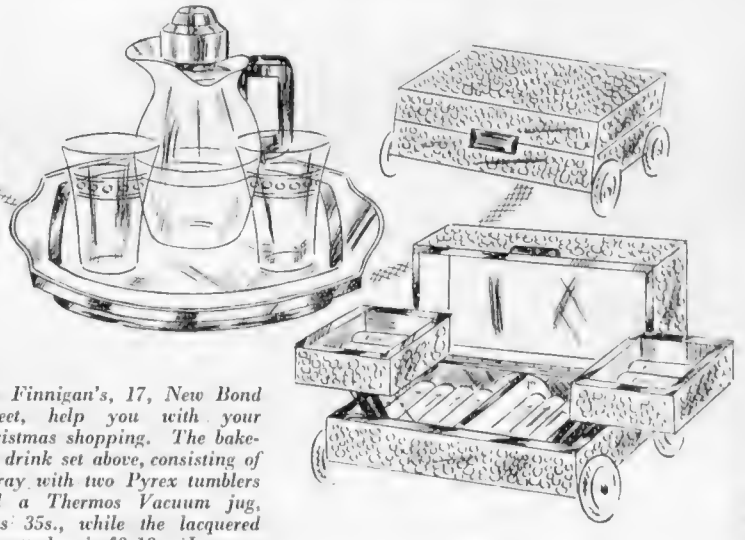


Give your hunting friends a present from Swaine and Adeney, 185, Piccadilly. We suggest an eight-day pigskin-covered clock, hand-painted with shooting scenes, for eight guineas, or a sherry set with a black and gold horse-shoe tray. The decanter and glasses, hand-painted with hunting scenes, cost £4 10s., and the tray £2 10s.



A newspaper-rack or a reading-lamp? Why not get them both at Gorringe's, Buckingham Palace Road? The rack sketched above is in dark walnut, with three separate compartments for holding newspapers. A mask of a dog's head appears on the outside, and it costs 15s. 6d. The lamp with its pottery figure of a colt is available in black, blue or green, and costs 35s. It has a decorative hand-painted shade

Any child, or grown-up, for that matter, would be enchanted with this crinoline lady and her dashing cavalier from Liberty's, Regent Street. She is dressed in black and white foulard over muslin pantaloons, and wears a red capeline and poke bonnet. Her escort, on the other hand, is setting out in his "top-hat, white tie and tails." He carries a bouquet of pink roses and has a distinctly roving eye



Let Finnigan's, 17, New Bond Street, help you with your Christmas shopping. The bakelite drink set above, consisting of a tray with two Pyrex tumblers and a Thermos Vacuum jug, costs 35s., while the lacquered cigarette box is £3 10s. It moves on silent wheels and is divided into four compartments, two of which are swing trays

FOR YOUR THROAT

Guard your throat against infectious winter ills with these delicious pastilles. They are absolutely pure and contain the juice of ripe black-currants.

Allenburys
GLYCERINE & BLACKCURRANT
PASTILLES

FROM ALL CHEMISTS 8d. & 1/3

POA

Definitely the best

ELVAS PLUMS *are branded*

A.G.

A.G. Brand are the only Officially Certified Choice Quality Elvas Plums, as well as the *most attractively boxed.* Recognised as the World's Most Delicious Sweetmeat, they delight both gourmet and dietist. An aid to digestion, and not fattening, they are the ideal delicacy. Stocked by all high-class Grocers and Stores. *We also pack the usual uncertified quality Elvas,* but for the very best look for the A.G. Brand Green Seal on the centre of the box lid and

INSIST on A.G. BRAND Elvas

ASTHMA

[New Low Price of 4/-]

Made Possible by Increased Demand.

Sufferers from Asthma paroxysms the world over find the HIMROD famous formula is the one that gives them blessed relief. Relaxes bronchial tubes; relieves difficult breathing and that dreadful gasping. Used for 65 years. Ask for HIMROD'S at your chemist.

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GEORG JENSEN SILVER

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OUR CATALOGUE WILL BE SENT ON REQUEST

Here's a novel gift . . .

A Weston Exposure Meter

Cine or 'still' photography — accurate exposure is essential. A gift that assures this is cheered lustily by camera users everywhere. This model 850 Weston costs £4. It will never wear out and makes perfect pictures certain always . . . Ask for a Weston

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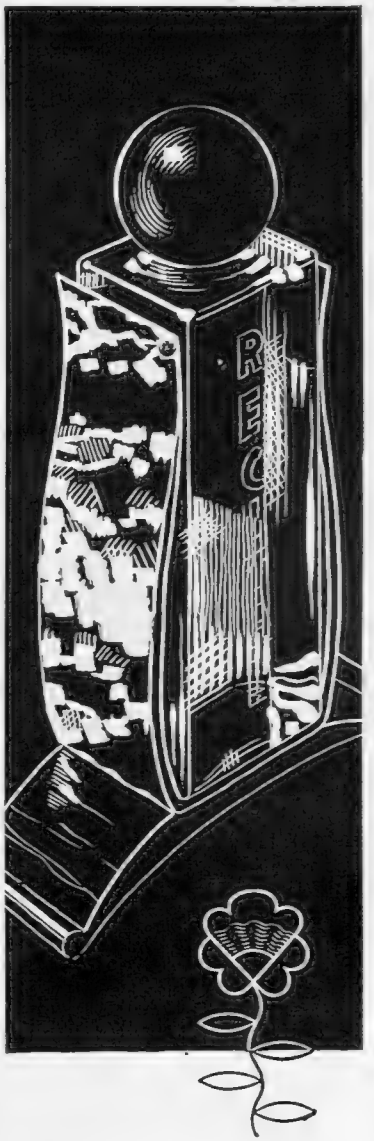
127 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON. W.1
Also at 47 Berkeley St., London, W.1; 43 Kensington High St., London, W.8.

Approved by doctors
Famous for 50 years
YOUR CHEMIST SELLS
RENDELLS



A new, bewilderingly beautiful creation, attuned to your lighter, gayer moods. The lilting perfumes of Spring are here: the fragrance of Hyacinth, of Jasmin, and of Chypre . . . harmoniously commingled.

"Introductory" size, 5/-.

RÉCITAL
a distinguished perfume by
F. MILLOT
PARIS

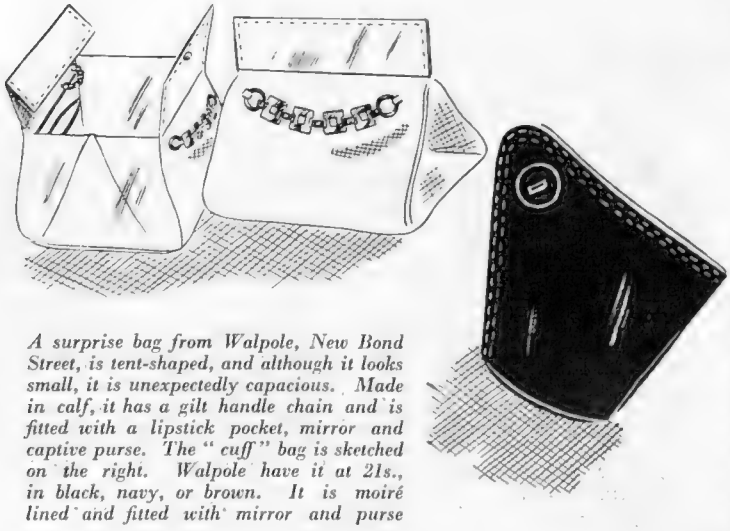
F. MILLOT, PARFUMEUR, 11/12 CLIFFORD STREET, NEW BOND ST., LONDON, W.1
ALSO AT PARIS AND NEW YORK

Everyone who loves the country and everyone who lives in town would be enchanted by a gift of flower perfumes. Nothing is more refreshing. Floris, 89, Jermyn Street, have "English Bluebell" perfume in cut-glass bottles at 12s. 6d., 21s., and 39s. 6d. A scent-spray with "Honeysuckle" perfume costs 15s. It is a small price for a gift that reproduces so truly the fragrance of the flowers and the cool freshness of the woods and lanes

the bystander twins in search of Christmas Present

The warm sheen of pearls on a black frock is always flattering. Pearls, of course, make an ideal gift; those sketched are Real Cultured Pearls. The single row has a diamond safety-clasp and costs four guineas. The three-row string, guaranteed to glamourise any "little black frock," is beautifully matched and fastened, and costs 18 guineas. Stud ear-rings mounted on white gold can be bought from 4 guineas upward. The Real Cultured Pearl Co. salon is at 14, Dover St.

The Zeus filter-holder eliminates a great proportion of nicotine from each smoke. The actual filter is another cigarette which is inserted in the barrel of the holder and through which the cigarette is smoked. The tar-saturated "filter" which is taken out of the barrel after about thirty smokes, is full evidence of this filter-holder's efficiency



A surprise bag from Walpole, New Bond Street, is tent-shaped, and although it looks small, it is unexpectedly capacious. Made in calf, it has a gilt handle chain and is fitted with a lipstick pocket, mirror and captive purse. The "cuff" bag is sketched on the right. Walpole have it at 21s., in black, navy, or brown. It is moiré lined and fitted with mirror and purse

Headlines are ornamental this Christmas, and Emile, of Conduit Street, has many attractive hair ornaments. The crisp, transparent bow mounted on mauve velvet ribbon costs 35s. Ostrich feathers in palest powder-blue surround deep cyclamen feather flowers in the head-dress on the left. Again they are mounted on a bandeau. Less conspicuous, but no less attractive, are the grey, red and yellow flowers mounted on a small comb. These are specially good for "back hair"

MAPLES

Catalogues on application

The Dining Room

Individual tastes may be said to find their happiest expression in the Dining Room, and attention to detail, so essential in the well-appointed home, can only be satisfactorily assured when the furnishing is entrusted to Maples.

Illustrated is a fine quality Carved Oak Suite with panels of Burr Ash, 5 ft. 6 in. Sideboard with one drawer lined for cutlery - - - - - **£56.10.0**

9 ft. x 3 ft. pull-out Dining Table, closing to 5 ft. 6 in. x 3 ft. - **£41.10.0**

3 ft. 6 in. Side Table with two drawers **£19.18.6**

Small Chair covered in Hide **£4.15.0**

Arm Chair to match - - **£6.17.6**

Mirror 28 in. x 19 in. plate **£7.19.6**

TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W. 1.

MAPLE & CO. LTD. & CORPORATION STREET, BIRMINGHAM 4 PRIVATE CAR PARKS

By Appointment to
The Late King George V.

Newest Perfume

English Bluebells

6/6, 12/6, 21/-, 39/6 per bottle

Honeysuckle Perfume

6/6, 12/6, 19/6 per bottle

Concentrated Bath Essence

A few drops sprinkled into the water will leave a delicate and lasting perfume

Rose Geranium *Roman Hyacinth*
English Violets *Carnation*

FLORIS

PERFUMER

89 Jermyn Street

London

Gifts of Gold

by

FINNIGANS

of

BOND STREET

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Top illustration shows

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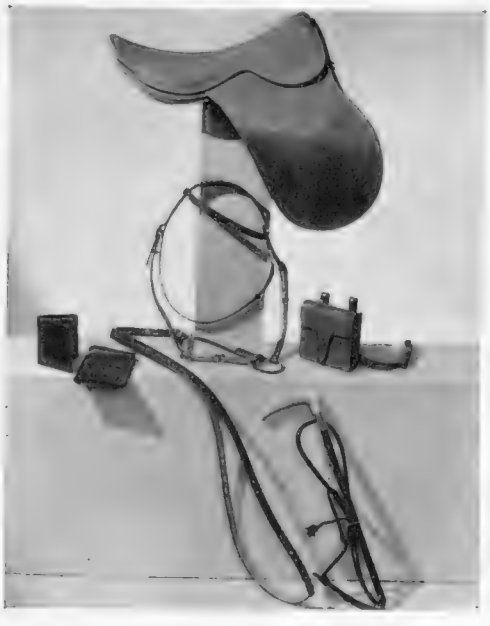

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One good answer to the present question—"Wills." Handsome oak cabinets like the one in the picture cost 4s. 2d. (containing 50 "Gold Flake" Special or "Capstan" Special cigarettes), 7s. (100), and 10s. (150). The other boxes show attractive cartons for "Capstan" and "Gold Flake" cigarettes

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Getting Married:

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Bassano

Pauline Ingleby

Is the elder daughter of Major and Mrs. Ingleby, of Sedgeford, Norfolk; she is engaged to Captain John Auverny Stevens, R.A., eldest son of Colonel Harold Stevens, D.S.O., and Mrs. Stevens, of Greenlawns, Maidenhead

Pearl Freeman

Diana Chesney

Is the daughter of the late Captain Charles Cornwallis Chesney and Mrs. S. W. Hasted, of Foxearth, Long Melford, Suffolk; she is engaged to Hugh Anthony Whitehead, R.A., son of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Whitehead, of 12, Herbert Crescent, S.W.1

Vandyk

Evelyn Willis

Is the elder daughter of the late Major A. Willis, R.F.A., and Mrs. Frank Jagger, of Blunsdon House, Swindon, Wiltshire, and is engaged to Ian Potts, R.A.F., only son of Mr. and Mrs. Gwynne Potts, of Taupo, New Zealand

Peter North

Elizabeth Margaret Lewis

Is the daughter of Brigadier C. G. Lew O.B.E., Surveyor General of Indi and Mrs. Lewis, of Forest Lodg Camberley; she is to marry Capta Walter George Hingston, 1st Punja Regiment, eldest son of Mr. and Mr Charles Hingston, of Barton Lodg Nottingham, on January 3rd, in Del

Bassano

Delga May Reiss

Is the elder daughter of the late F. J. Reiss and Mrs. Reiss, of La Rocque Gohier, Guernsey; her fiancé is Roy Douglas Wedd, only son of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Wedd, of Weston House, near Honiton, Devon

Lenar

Daphne June Coles

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Coles, of 34, Melbury Court, W.8, and Seaview, Isle of Wight; her fiancé is Captain T. V. Somers, R.A., younger son of Mr. and the late Mrs. S. S. Somers, of Bell Hall, Belbroughton, Worcs., and Seaview, Isle of Wight

Lenare

Mary Dudley

Mary Pamela Waddell Dudley, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. D. W. Dudley, of Stradishall Manor, Suffolk, is engaged to John Pendrill Charles, son of Dr. and Mrs. C. P. Charles, of Minterne Grange, Parkstone, Dorset

Pearl Freema

Mary Joy Strange

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mr Walter Strange, of 50, Hans Plac S.W.1; she is to marry, at St. Saviour's Walton St., on Jan. 3rd, James Barmby Nigerian Administrative Service, onl son of the late F. J. Barmby and Mr Barmby, of 3, Frenchay Road, Oxfo

Navana

Margaret Mary Eyston

Is the second daughter of the late John Joseph Eyston and Mrs. Eyston, of New House, Kingston Bagpuize, Berks., and is engaged to Charles Richard Neville Bishop, only son of Mr. Frederick C. Bishop, of Shipton Hall, Salop.

Lenare

Betty Louise Holman

Is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Holman, of Roswarne, Camborne, Cornwall; she is to marry James Baillieu Shackell, only son of the late E. H. Shackell and Mrs. Shackell, of Vailima, Toorak, Melbourne, on Dec. 28th

Lenare

Anthea Josephine Fraser

Is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred H. Fraser, of Millfield, East Grinstead, Sussex; she is engaged to Geoffrey Charles Eveleigh, eldest son of the late E. C. Eveleigh and Mrs. Kay-Williams, of Bramley Grange Hotel, Bramley, Surrey

Lenar

Clare Sole

Is the only daughter of Brigadier D. M. Sole, North Clifton Hall, Newark, Notts., and is to marry, on March 16th, Michael Henley, the King's Regiment, younger son of the Rev. E. C. and Mrs. Henley, of Ardeley Vicarage, Stevenage, Herts.

Gilbert — Reade-Revell

Tristram Gilbert, only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Gilbert, of Elibank, Ascot, and Angela Reade-Revell, of Stoke House, near Slough, were married at St. Mary's, Cadogan Gardens, with a reception held by Colonel and Mrs. Rowland Feilding

Crump — Allen

Ernest Compson Crump, son of the late E. C. Crump and Mrs. Crump, of 4, Stanhope Court, W.2, and Edith Elizabeth Allen, elder daughter of Paymaster Rear-Admiral Sir Bertram and Lady Allen, of 67, Grove Hall Court, N.W.8, were married at St. Mark's, Hamilton Terrace

Dick — Jackson

Derek Robertson Dick, B.Sc., A.M.Inst.C.E., son of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Dick, of Glasgow, married Pamela Jackson at St. John's Wood Presbyterian Church. She is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. R. Jackson, of 21, St. John's Wood Park, N.W.8

Best — Nevile

Major Thomas William Best, of The Malt House, Gillingham, Dorset, and Joan Adeline Nevile, daughter of Major M. M. H. Nevile, of Hatfield House, near Doncaster, and Mrs. E. S. Nevile, of 49, Grosvenor Street, W.1, were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street

Catherine Bell

Brinton — Fahnestock

Esmé Tatton Cecil Brinton and Mary Elizabeth Fahnestock were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Brinton, of Yew Tree House, Belbroughton, Worcester; she is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gibson Fahnestock, of Chateau de Montaleigne, St. Laurent-du-Var, France

Swabey — Hole

Maurice Swabey, only son of the late Captain F. Swabey, West India Regiment, and Mrs. Swabey, of St. Lucia, B.W.I., and Sonia Sheila Hole, daughter of Major Hole, late R.A.F., and Mrs. Hole, of Tangier, were quietly married at Corpus Christi, Maiden Lane

Currant — Lints Smith

Dr. Eric James Currant, of Haslemere, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Currant, of Harpenden, married Lena Lints Smith at Christ Church, Woburn Square. She is the daughter of Mr. W. Lints Smith, of 19, Morpeth Mansions, Westminster, and Mrs. Ada Lints Smith

Fraser — Greaves

Dr. Alistair Codrington Fraser, only son of Dr. and Mrs. A. Fraser, of Caistor House, Caistor, Lincs., married Cynthia Blanche Greaves at Lincoln Cathedral. She is the daughter of the Bishop of Grimsby and Mrs. Greaves, of The Precentory, Lincoln

Grundy — Holberton

At St. Nicholas', Chislehurst, Graham Charles Grundy, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Norman D. Grundy, of Mountfield, Chislehurst, married Kate Marion Holberton, only child of Mr. Carroll Holberton, British Vice-Consul, Linares, Spain, and Mrs. Holberton

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

December 7—December 13

THEATRES

Straight Plays

BANANA RIDGE.—Olga Lindo is with Robertson Hare and Alfred Drayton in a far from original but very funny farce: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE CORN IS GREEN.—Emlyn Williams's biographical play is full of life; Sybil Thorndike as a go-ahead Welsh schoolmistress, Williams as her genius protégé: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DANGEROUS CORNER.—Priestley's first, and perhaps best, play is well served by Robert Harris, Ruth Lodge, Catherine Lacey, Stephen Murray: Westminster, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DEAR OCTOPUS.—Less plot and a bigger family from Dodie Smith this time; a cast headed by Marie Tempest, Valerie Taylor, Leon Quartermaine, John Gielgud, does justice to her portraiture: Queen's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ELISABETH OF AUSTRIA.—A strong historical, a sort of Austrian *Victoria Regina*, with Wanda Rotha excellent in the name-part, Gyles Isham and Richard Ainley: Garrick, 8.30. (not Mon.). Tues., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE FLASHING STREAM.—A mentally exciting evening is provided by clash of desires and ideals; Godfrey Tearle, Felix Aylmer, H. G. Stoker, Margaret Rawlings: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—This old-timer is as fresh and funny as ever, with Mackenzie Ward and Guy Middleton in the leads: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

GENEVA.—Shaw's newest play, with Cecil Trouncer, Ernest Thesiger Walter Hudd: Saville, 8.30. Sat., 2.30.

GENTLEMAN UNKNOWN.—A would-be modern sentimental romance by A. A. Milne puts Barry K. Barnes and Hilary Eaves opposite each other: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GEORGE AND MARGARET.—The family laughter success with Jane Baxter at the head of an excellent cast takes a new lease: Piccadilly, 8.30. Wed. Sat., 2.30.

GLORIOUS MORNING.—A tragedy with a deep theme, sincerely written and acted; Peggy Bryan, Reginald Tate, Herbert Lomas: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GOOD-BYE, MR. CHIPS.—Leslie Banks plays name-part in an adaptation of Hilton's school story; Constance Cummings as Katie: Shaftesbury, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GOODNESS, HOW SAD!—Title explains this slight, jolly episode from a stage career; Jill Furse and Hugh Sinclair head a good cast: Vaudeville, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

LOT'S WIFE.—A malicious comedy, its wit well pointed by J. H. Roberts and Nora Swinburne as an oil-king Mr. Lot and his wife: Savoy, 8.30. Mon., Sat., 2.30.

QUIET WEDDING.—Frank Lawton and Elizabeth Allan are the centre of refreshing, humorous little matrimonia upheaval: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE RIVALS.—Anthony Quayle, Hermione Hannen, in Esmé Church's production of Sheridan: Old Vic, 8. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

ROBERT'S WIFE.—Edith Evans and Owen Nares in St. John Ervine's amusing and stimulating play about a parson married to a doctor: Globe, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ROOM FOR TWO.—Elsie Randolph, Hugh Wakefield, Henry Kendall in a bedroom comedy: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30

THE SHOEMAKER'S HOLIDAY.—Nancy Price presents this Dekker comedy with Edmund Willard, Mabel Constanduros, Harold Warrender: Playhouse, 8.15 (not Mon.); Wed. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

SPRING MEETING.—A sketch of the lighter side of Irish life, with little story, but amusing acting by Arthur Sinclair, Roger Livesey Zena Dare: Ambassadors, 8.30 Wed., Fri., 2.30.

THE STORY OF AN AFRICAN FARM.—Curigwen Lewis, Mary Clare, Aubrey Dexter in Merton Hodge's adaptation of Olive Schreiner's book: New, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TRAITOR'S GATE.—Basil Sidney and Margaretta Scott lead in a gripping historical play about Saint Thomas More: Duke of York's, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

TWELFTH NIGHT.—Peggy Ashcroft as Viola, Michael Redgrave as Aguecheek, Esmond Knight as Orsino, William Devlin as Antonio: Phœnix, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

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WHEN WE ARE MARRIED.—An excellent *soufflé* at the expense of Yorkshire marriage and morals; Priestley's sly points driven home by a strong cast: St. Martin's. 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

With Music

BOBBY, GET YOUR GUN.—Bobby Howes doubles parts, moves from England to Cuba, is supported by Gertrude Niesen, Diana Churchill, Wylie Watson: Adelphi, 8.15 Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

AN ELEPHANT IN ARCADY.—The Farjeons' musical play is charming, witty and elegant, with music picked from Mozart, Scarlatti and contemporaries; Irene Eisinger, Frederick Ranalow: Kingsway, 8.30. Tues Sat., 2.30.

Marlene Dietrich, by Florence Desmond

Florence Desmond, England's cleverest impersonator, earned a big ovation at the Illustrated Newspapers' dance and cabaret, where she appeared by courtesy of George Black

THE FLEET'S LIT UP.—Stanley Lupino supplies the humour, Frances Day and Adèle Dixon the glamour in a naughtically-tinged musical: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

ME AND MY GIRL.—Lupino Lane and George Graves hand out laughs generously in the lowdown on high life: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9.

NINE SHARP.—Hermione Baddeley, Cyril Ritchard, George Benson, and a co-operative cast put across Farjeon's long-running intimate revue with verve and wit: Little, 9 sharp. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 113.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slapstick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

RUNNING RIOT.—The Gaiety perennial is up to standard, with Leslie Henson, Fred Emney, Richard Hearne Louise Browne up to their old tricks: Gaiety, 8.15 Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THESE FOOLISH THINGS.—The Crazy Gang's show is excellent entertainment value, with a lot of old friends and some new: Palladium, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

UNDER YOUR HAT.—Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge's return to musical comedy is a glorious roar from start to finish: Palace, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Variety

VARIETIES, or what Americans call revues, can be seen in London at the Coliseum (6.25 and 9; Sat., 2.30); the Holborn Empire (6.20 and 9); and the Prince of Wales (2-11.30 non-stop)

CINEMAS

ALERTE EN MEDITERRANEE (French) and ZAUBER DER BOHÈME (Austrian).—Pierre Fresnay in a story of naval trouble off Tangiers; and Kiepura and Eggerth in Puccini's opera: Berkeley.

CAREFREE (American).—Fred and Ginger together again, at the Marble Arch Pavilion.

ENTRÉE DES ARTISTES (French).—A talented and lovely film set against the background of the Conservatoire; Jouvet, Odette Joyeux, Janine Darcey: Curzon.

FREE TO LIVE (American).—La Hepburn is again a poor little rich girl, who pinches her sister's fiancé, Cary Grant: Regal.

KATIA (French).—Danielle Darrieux's newest part is of the exuberant wife of Alexander II. of Russia; a second but different *Mayerling*: Academy.

THE LADY VANISHES (British).—The year's best British thriller: Dominion and New Victoria.

LÉGIONS D'HONNEUR (French).—Marie Bell, Charles Vanel, Pierre Renoir in a prize-film about a desert love: Studio One.

MANY TANKS, MR. ATKINS (British).—Claude Hulbert and Reginald Purdell in a comedy of army life: Warner.

MEN WITH WINGS (American).—An enthralling history of flying made personal, with Ray Milland, Fred MacMurray and Louise Campbell: Carlton.

PYGMALION (British).—Leslie Howard as Higgins, Wendy Hiller as Eliza in Shaw's own adaptation of his play: Leicester Square.

ROOM SERVICE (American).—The Marx brothers in the American stage farce filmed: Odeon.

THE SHINING HOUR (American).—A comedy drama star-studded with Joan Crawford, Melvyn Douglas, Margaret Sullavan and Robert Young: Empire.

SUEZ (American).—Pretentious and false representation of de Lesseps' noble life-work; Tyrone Power, Annabella and Loretta Young: New Gallery.

THANKS FOR THE MEMORY and KING OF ALCATRAZ.—Two good American pot-boilers make this programme: Plaza.

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU (American).—New York stage success has been filmed by Capra; a crazy family with Jean Arthur gets mixed up with Edward Arnold's up-stage one: Gaumont

OPERA and BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS:

LA BOHÈME.—To-night, 7th, 8.

LES SYLPHIDES, JUDGEMENT OF PARIS, BARABAU, NOCTURNE.—Thurs., 1st, 8.30.

MARRIAGE OF FIGARO.—Fri., 2nd, 8.

LAC DES CYGNES.—Sat., 10th, 2.30.

DON CARLOS.—Sat., 8.

LORD OF BURLEIGH, CHECKMATE, FAÇADE.—Tues., 13th, 8.30.

MUSIC

Recitals and Chamber-Music

ORLOFF.—Pianoforte recital of works by Scarlatti, Beethoven, Schumann, Chopin, Scriabin: Wigmore Hall. Sat., 10th, 3.

LONDON THEATRE CONCERT.—The Stratton String Quartet and three soloists in a Haydn, Schubert, Mozart, programme: Cambridge Theatre, Sun., 11th, 8.30.

COURTAULD-SARGENT.—A chamber music concert, with the Pro Arte Quartet, three soloists and the Tudor Singers: Queen's Hall, Mon., 12th, Tues., 13th, 8.15.

Orchestral and Choral

L.P.O.—Schnabel is soloist, Beecham conducts, in the first of a Saturday series; Mendelssohn, Boccherini, Schumann, Schubert, Weber: Queen's Hall, Sat., 10th, 3.

THE MESSIAH.—Allan Brown conducts the Kingsway Hall Choral Society in Handel's Oratorio: Kingsway Hall, Sat., 10th, 7.30.

BEECHAM SUNDAY CONCERT.—Programme to be announced: Queen's Hall, Sun., 11th, 3.15.

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